

A **PENNANT LADDER EDITION**

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This book uses 3,000 English words. Some words in the book are above this step and will be found printed in **boldface** letters. They are explained in the Glossary at the back.

The publisher hopes the reader will enjoy this Series, while going up the ladder to more difficult reading.

Lessons

The Life and Discoveries

(Original Title:

***A LADDER EDITION
AT THE 3,000-WORD LEVEL***

in Living

of Margaret Mead

Shaping a New World: Margaret Mead)

by Allyn Moss

ADAPTED BY ALLYN MOSS

Contents

1. <i>'Talofa'</i> —and Thus It All Began	1
2. Pennsylvania Childhood	9
3. Search	17
4. College and Deciding	23
5. Makelita Goes to School	37
6. Margaret Mead Writes a Book	49
7. Dogs' Teeth, Ghosts, Selfish Children in New Guinea	55
8. The Many Manners of Men and Women	69
9. In Haste to Understand	83
10. Anthropologists in World War Two	93
11. After the War: the Challenge to Change	101
12. Margaret Mead —Today and Tomorrow	111
Glossary	117

LESSONS IN LIVING:
THE LIFE AND DISCOVERIES OF MARGARET MEAD

1

Talofa

—and Thus It All Began

It was boat day in Pago Pago, the seaport of the American Samoan Island of Tutuila, on a lovely autumn morning in 1925. Every three weeks the ship arrived from Honolulu bringing mail, supplies, and produce from the United States, as well as a varying number of people traveling for pleasure, Navy officials, and an occasional **missionary**. As the S.S. *Sonoma* rounded the shores protecting the sheltered harbor, cries of greeting and welcome were heard from the shore—"Talofa," "Talofa," "Talofa."

Soon the ship landed and the passengers began to go ashore. Among them was a young, slender woman, not much more than five feet tall. She had with her some unusual belongings: a simple **camera**, a metal cashbox, a **typewriter**, a few clothes, a delicate hand-decorated baby pillow, \$4.50 in her purse. And perhaps most important of all, she brought with her a strong no-nonsense look in her gray eyes.

The girl, who looked far younger than her 23 years, went from the boat to the one hotel in Pago Pago, not a great distance from the harbor. Her name was Margaret Mead. She had come from the state of Pennsylvania and, a bit weary after a

voyage of 4,000 miles, had arrived at the first stopping place in her journey.

Naval authorities, who had been responsible for American Samoa since 1899, had been told to expect the arrival from the United States of a Dr. Margaret Mead of Columbia University in New York City. She had, they had been informed, been given money by the National Research Council to study the science of **biology**. The Navy had agreed to be responsible for Dr. Mead's safety and comfort while she was on the islands and to help her in every manner possible with her work. But they were not prepared to find that the doctor—because Margaret Mead had completed the work for her Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy) at Columbia University only in the early months of that year—was a small, very young woman who had come to study the habits of adolescent girls on Samoa. And what, many Navy men wondered, was an **anthropologist**?

Their confusion was not surprising. In 1925 few people anywhere had ever heard the word, and certainly few had learned what it meant. **Anthropology**, the science of man, is the study of so many different qualities that false ideas are sure to arise. Anthropologists were usually thought, by those with a little familiarity with the word, to be oldish men with beards who studied bones in the cold halls of museums. Actually, the study of the human bones and the development of physical man is the work of physical anthropology, only one of the several divisions of anthropology. **Ethnology**, the science of cultures, was the division of anthropology to which Margaret Mead belonged.

In her hotel room, Margaret unpacked her possessions. Each one had been carefully selected.

It would be no quickly or easily solved problem to write home for anything. The metal cashbox, complete with key, was to hold the notes she would be taking. It would keep them safe from heat, sea water, rain, insect and animal life, baby hands, and curious eyes. One hundred small squares of soft cloth were intended—this was before paper face cloths were available—for many kinds of emergencies, even the wiping of Samoan babies' noses. They could be used, then thrown away. Then, besides the absolutely essential equipment—the typewriter and the camera—there were photographs of her mother, Emily Fogg Mead, who was herself a scientist, and of her father, Edward Sherwood Mead, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. She also had pictures of her brothers and her sisters, of friends from childhood and from college.

The photographs were important, to help fight possible homesickness and to keep those she loved close to her. She knew also that in the human encounters she would have with the Samoans, who are proud of their children and their relatives, she would have something of her own to show them. These pictures of the people in her life would help her to make her existence and the place from which she had come seem more real and personal to the Samoans.

One of the few books Margaret had brought with her, and one of her most valued, was a collection of poems which Ruth Benedict, her teacher and dear friend, had typed for her. Her friend had carefully chosen poems she herself loved and felt sure would become equally dear to Margaret. Dr. Benedict, a brilliant anthropologist whose later studies of the patterns of culture among various

American Indian tribes are still the best ever made, was also a fine poet. And Margaret, whose own childhood and life had been filled with poems, found in Ruth Benedict, despite the difference in their ages, a warm friend. Although she was more than 7,000 miles from home, family, and friends, in a day when planes did not yet fly across oceans, and telephone calls between continents were not yet a reality, Margaret was alone—and yet, because of the photographs and poems, not quite alone.

The few letters of introduction she had with her proved to be very helpful, particularly one to the chief of the Medical Services on Samoa, who instructed the nurses to help her. The chief Samoan nurse at the hospital in Pago Pago, G. F. Pepe, agreed to start Margaret in her study of the Samoan language. Each day the chief nurse visited Margaret in her hotel room, and for one hour every day Margaret listened to Pepe's gentle voice and tried to capture the feeling of the soft liquid language she must learn before she could begin her work.

First, Pepe taught her the phrases and greetings of good manners that are commonly used and very important among the Samoans. "*Talofa*," Margaret would say, as Pepe pronounced it. "*Talofa lava*," replied Pepe, because this was the proper reply and meant, "love to you, indeed." If Pepe asked Margaret, "*Malolo*?" Margaret soon knew the answer she should make. It was "*Malolo fa'afetai*" ("I am rested, thanks to you"). She was also able to say the most beautiful expression one Samoan says to another after the sun has set, "*Tofa. Tofa soi fua*," which means "May you sleep. Sleep and life to you."

It was difficult to pronounce the almost totally different sounds of a non-European language, although Samoan did sound somewhat like Italian, which helped. Knowing where to put the accent was difficult. Margaret was determined to master the rules of where the accent was to be placed on a word. Then, there was the Samoan grammar. All of this meant that for the one hour Pepe came each day to teach Margaret new words and phrases and rules of the island language, Margaret felt she must work at least another seven hours alone. She could see no purpose in going out even into the streets of Pago Pago. There seemed to be less purpose in going into the villages of Samoa until she could be understood, and more important, understand exactly what was being said to her.

This was a bad time for Margaret. There were days when she doubted her ability to learn the language as well as would be needed for her work. She found herself saying, "I can't do it. I can't do it." Weeks passed. One afternoon she found herself saying it again—"I can't do it"—except that now she was saying it in Samoan. She began to believe she could do it after all.

However, there was so much to do before she could really begin her studies. The money from the Council was paid to her in parts, and only two months in advance. The hotel food was not always of the best. A sad-eyed cook named *Fa'a lavelave* (Bad Luck) introduced Margaret to her first bad *Papalangi* food (the Samoan word for white man's cooking), but he also served some very good Samoan dishes. Fish and chicken Samoan-style could be eaten with enjoyment. But taro, a potato-like root much eaten in the islands, tasted to her like soap, and pork native-style was so slightly

cooked that she told the Samoans she could not eat it because of family religious reasons, an excuse she knew they would accept because the Samoans had their own rules to observe. She was glad that she found most of the Samoan food good, not only because she would be living on native foods for many months, but because she knew it would hurt the feelings of her Samoan hosts if she were not to obviously enjoy whatever they served her. An anthropologist who offends the people he has come to study might as well sail on the next ship home.

The weeks passed. Margaret, almost prepared now to do her job, grew restless. It was hard to remain in Pago Pago—in Samoa and yet not in Samoa—because the harbor town was more U. S. Navy than Samoan. She was still only on the edges of the work she had come to do. There was no one in Samoa with whom she could discuss her problems. Navy officials found it difficult to understand her work. Shocked at the idea of her going alone into the Samoan villages, the officials made various rules for her safety, some of which she was obliged to observe. They warned her about native customs that she must endure—the Samoan fondness, for example, for eating rotten fish. This seemed a foolish warning, and it was. When she finally tasted rotten fish, she found it delicious. She learned that to the Samoans the dish was a delight in the same way as are the expensive rotting cheeses Westerners like so much—Camembert, Roquefort, blue. To her own astonishment she discovered that she always wanted to taste just a little more to be sure it was rotten.

Finally, after six weeks, Margaret felt she was ready for her first major Samoan encounter. A

half-Samoan woman, who dressed with a mixture of Parisian stylishness and South Sea Island charm and who spoke understandable English, took Margaret around the coast to the village of Vaitogi to meet Chief Ufuti. As they approached, Margaret saw the village lying still and clear in the hot sun.

The houses stood on wooden poles, and were scattered about the village under the trees. She was surprised at how everything seemed so low on the ground. Chief Ufuti received the two women in his house, which was set among the trees. Now the moment of the test had arrived. As Margaret entered the chief's house she carefully prepared to say the words which had been taught her, the proper Samoan words for such an occasion.

"May you most honorable enter," said Chief Ufuti.

"I have humbly come saving the presence of your lordship and she who sits in the back of the house," answered Margaret. (This last referred to the chief's wife.)

"Too bad for the coming of your ladyship," Chief Ufuti continued, "there is nothing good in the house."

And then, to complete this exchange of talk, Margaret remembered the last of her carefully learned phrases. "Oh, let the matter rest. It is of no importance."

Clearly, from the kind look in Chief Ufuti's eyes, from the warmth she felt from every member of his family, Margaret had passed the test. Soon her half-Samoan friend returned to the port and left her alone with Chief Ufuti and his family, which was, she was told, now also her own family. The sun sank down to the sea. And so it all began.

Pennsylvania Childhood

receive at the local schools would be good enough. Because of frequent moving of their home, and a winter of illness that once kept Margaret out of school for a whole long year, much of her education was conducted at home. She began advanced studies before simpler ones, according to Grandmother Mead's methods, which were far ahead of her time. Whenever Margaret did return to school, she was never behind the rest of her class.

Thus the idea of women who worked, and of women who thought about and did important things, was not strange even to the very young Margaret Mead. It seemed natural to her that a woman should do some kind of work besides marrying and rearing a family. To most people in the United States at the beginning of the 20th century, however, it was not at all natural for a woman to bring up a family *and* work. The battle for a woman's voice in the vote was becoming stronger, but a woman's place was supposed to be definitely not only *in* the home, but *in* the kitchen and with the children. Though the Meads knew how everyone else felt about women who did anything more intelligent than housework, they were not disturbed by it. Professor Mead not only respected his wife's work, but the Meads moved their home twice because of Mrs. Mead's need to be near the groups of people she was studying.

That Margaret's family moved often during her childhood was to be of great help to her in her later life as an anthropologist. New homes, new parts of the country, new friends, new games to learn, new roads to walk soon became natural to Margaret. Until Margaret was nine years old, home was a big house in Hammonton, in the state of New Jersey. Later they lived in other small towns near

Philadelphia, and at other times during Margaret's childhood they moved into rented furnished houses in the city in winter and went to the seashore or to the mountains in summer. Margaret grew accustomed to change.

Curiosity about the world, belief in the power of knowledge, respect for individuals, were attitudes that she acquired from her parents. She took them with her always wherever she went. The things she learned to do at home from her mother and grandmother she also kept with her, for those were things she could do anywhere.

Each new move meant Margaret must find new friends. Because most children regard newcomers with suspicion, Margaret had collected many kinds of new games to offer the children to vary the ones they had been playing. She also had a collection of ideas for things to do. But she knew, even if they didn't, that she wasn't actually inventing new games, but making changes in what she had seen or learned somewhere else.

When Margaret was ten, the family bought a big farm in a valley in Pennsylvania, and for four years they lived there. Margaret's world now included 107 acres of land and two houses. Their own house had 18 rooms, a cellar for keeping the milk cool, and a kitchen with six doors. She could also play in the other house, in which the farmer who cultivated their fields lived. There was a big wonderful barn besides. The children used the top part of the barn for acting stories, and they could jump through a hole in the floor into the hay below, left there for the horses. There was a brook and a steep cliff, also.

Life on the farm in the valley was full for Margaret. She became acquainted with each member

garet much more than a method of learning to write. The people who lived in them were real to her, a part of her life, a reminder of all the strange things that might happen to a person.

Thus as a girl growing up, Margaret had a sense of freedom that was very rare in those days, or even today. She believed that a young woman might choose what she wanted to do with what talents she might have. At different times, she wanted to be different things—a member of a religious group, and a lawyer, and a minister's wife, and the mother of six children. They all seemed to her quite practical ambitions. She felt there were no limits. Before her lay a great adventure called life.

3

Search

By the end of the war, Margaret was really an adult. Already she and her friends were planning the work they intended to do after the war. Margaret, however, was still not entirely sure what she wanted to do with her life. She planned to specialize in the study of English, a natural enough choice because so many of her talents involved the use of words. Literature and the theater were deep life-long loves. Her head was filled with the words of the greatest writers in English. She was interested in languages. She had a gift for organizing. She felt strongly about the need to take an active part in the world. She had been trained to think like a scientist. She was very good at doing things with her hands. She had taken drawing lessons since she was seven, and by the time she was 13 she had completed fundamental work in art. She had begun to paint and considered the possibility of becoming an artist. However, she had no idea of exactly how she was going to make her contribution to the world, or where her road would finally lead.

How does a human being, aware of endless choice, decide? Much later, when Margaret Mead had already written many books and was known throughout the world, she was asked to try to re-

member the events, the influences, the moments of personal discovery that led her to make the decisions she did. Most important to her was a deep sense of responsibility that belongs to anyone who is really interested in the arts and sciences.

She remembered a book, *The Story of Liberty*, in which there was a chapter about John Wyclif, an English religious reformer. It told about a group of men studying to be priests in England. They were so disturbed by Wyclif's teachings that they dug up his bones and scattered his ashes in a brook. But even by doing this they could not stop him, because his writings carried his words to other parts of the world, and in that manner he became, as the title of one chapter called him, "The Man Who Preached After He Was Dead."

It suddenly seemed true and very important to Margaret that by writing things down one could leave to others a tradition, a great idea. In that manner one could become part of something much bigger and more lasting than one's self. How wonderful that would be!

A sense of religion also was important in helping to form Margaret's feelings of faithfulness to work and to life. Though the Meads did not go to church every week, religion was strong in the family background. Margaret's mother's and father's families had included people of many different religions. Some, she was told, had even hidden in caves in Scotland to escape their religious enemies. Some had come to Massachusetts Bay in America in 1629. One of the men had been a traveling preacher, and an uncle was a leading minister of his day. And there was one uncle who had been a Mohammedan, or Muslim as they are called today.

With these many religions in the family's background, it should be expected that Margaret's parents and her grandmother (who did attend a church) would give Margaret complete freedom to choose the church that might best satisfy her religious feelings. Margaret began looking for a church to belong to when she was five or six years old.

She attended several Sunday schools and churches, but found none that entirely satisfied her beliefs. However, shortly after the family had moved to the big farm in Pennsylvania, the Episcopal minister, Mr. Bell, and his daughter, visited the Meads. Margaret moved her chair beside his to ask him if she could become a member of his church, which to this day she considers her own. This choice was completely Margaret's. She made this decision because, after attending so many other churches, she realized that she liked the style and all the English historical and religious tradition associated with that particular faith.

At home, there was no regular Bible-reading period, but Margaret's father knew the Book well and quoted it constantly. Margaret's mother at one time had someone read the Bible to the children. Later, she even had Margaret read it in German because she thought it would be good for her to know it in another language. Of course, Margaret also learned the Bible in the Episcopal Church and in school. Children were expected to learn verses from the Bible and to be able to repeat them exactly.

Margaret felt obliged to use whatever gifts she had been given, even though she was not sure yet what her own most creative gifts were. She con-

tinued to develop them all, believing that a time would come when she would know which of her talents would be the most important in her life.

She knew that the education she had received in the arts and sciences from her parents, and from the books she had read, had made her a person who must give to others this human tradition. She also knew that all the things she had learned to think and to understand and to do were actually a precious gift left to her by many great scientists and writers and artists of the past. Therefore, she felt, it was her task—as it was the task of all the men and women in the world who cared—not only to give to others this wonderful store of wisdom but also to add to it.

A book revealed to her how deeply she felt about the possible loss of human ideas that might not be saved for the future. The book was *The Mystery of Easter Island* by a Mrs. Scoresby Routledge, who had traveled by ship and searched for many weeks for a tiny island which people knew very little about. They talked about its strange huge statues that had on them writing that no one could read. When Mrs. Routledge finally arrived at Easter Island, the last man there who, it was believed, could read the words on the statues, was too ill to tell his story. He died two weeks later, and his valuable secrets died with him. Here was another example of the weak thread of human tradition.

Margaret's inner search continued. She continued to search for the best manner for her to preserve what man had learned. Was it to be through books? As an artist? However, she was also concerned with the fact that people themselves were treasure chests of valuable informa-

tion about human life, some of which existed among **primitive** people who could neither read nor write. Such people passed their tradition directly from generation to generation without the written word.

College and Deciding

World War One was ended. Most of the young men had come home. College was to mean gay times and dancing. In the early months of 1919 Margaret's mother and father began talking about college plans for her. Because Margaret's mother had attended Wellesley, a well-known college for women, it had been supposed that Margaret would go there also. But now Margaret's father began to question whether this was a good idea. He looked carefully at the book describing the college and objected to finding the names of the same women teachers who had been there when his wife was a student. He even questioned the idea of educating a girl who would undoubtedly get married and probably not use her education.

Margaret felt that this was unfair. She was already going to school, studying three years of French in one, two courses in English, and one in the Bible—and managing the house for seven people.

Years later, Margaret's father admitted that his real objection to her going to college had been because of finances. He had business plans that were not progressing well and he had not wanted to discuss them with his wife. But Margaret's mother, unaware of this, chose a new plan of

action. She stopped talking about Margaret's going to Wellesley and suggested that she go instead to DePauw University, in the state of Indiana, which had been Margaret's father's college. This idea appealed to him. The cost there would be much less. He liked the thought of her being taught by one of his former college friends. He changed his mind about Margaret's not going to college.

Delighted to go to college on any terms, Margaret was enthusiastic about the idea of going to the Midwest. She had heard as a child many exciting stories about Adams County, in the state of Ohio, where her grandmother had spent her childhood, and about Chicago, Illinois, the magical city where her mother had gone to high school. Because such places as Adams County and Chicago were by report so wonderful, and everyone there was said to be so superior and democratic, it seemed reasonable to believe that DePauw would be exciting also. She stopped thinking of going to Wellesley without being sorry and began to pack her belongings to go to DePauw.

Shortly after her arrival, however, and for the first time in her life, she learned what it was like to be an outsider, not to belong in the group. Everything about her was wrong—her manner of speaking, her clothes, her room, her past schooling. She was very unhappy, and at the end of a year she persuaded her father to let her go to Barnard, a leading woman's college in New York City.

Barnard College was, happily, nothing like DePauw, with its emphasis on social clubs and football games and its lack of emphasis on life as a serious student. Barnard was a girls' college, but with the rest of Columbia University just across the street there were many men around. There

were no social clubs. And to Margaret's great pleasure, the college was in the center of New York City. Underground trains and buses made it easy for her to go to the great libraries, theaters, museums, and to the political meetings throughout the city. Above all, at Barnard she found her own kind of people, friends with whom she could really share the things that excited her. She and her new friends talked endlessly, about all the artistic, political, and scientific activities of the day. They were a highly varied group of students.

Besides taking a full program of classes, Margaret joined many student activities. She worked on the college newspaper, becoming its editor in her senior year. She organized a political discussion supper club that met on Sunday nights in the cellar of the college chapel. She tended babies in the evenings when their parents went out, and she studied while the children slept. She taught Sunday school, served on student committees, and at the same time received general honors for her high grades in her classes. To her, these were delightful years, full of excitement and achievement.

Of all her studies, classes in the social sciences interested Margaret most. In the early 1920's the social sciences were changing, developing, and for the first time taking a major place in American life.

Because of her familiarity with the approach and methods of **sociology**, her mother's science, Margaret began to feel quite sure that her future work lay somewhere in that direction. Psychology, the science of the human mind, was still new. Its emphasis on the individual was of great interest to her. Then, in the beginning of her last year at Barnard, she became a student in the class of

Professor Franz Boas, a leader and pioneer in the field of anthropology. He was a worker for the cause of peace, and deeply concerned with the study of human nature. In the very early weeks of the course, anthropology became alive for Margaret Mead. Professor Boas spoke with more authority than she had ever encountered in a teacher. His teaching became of the highest importance to her.

Margaret Mead recognized before long that anthropology was what she had been seeking for so long. Then, too, she quickly realized that the unusual collection of talents and interests she had acquired all seemed somehow to fit, to belong to the role of the anthropologist. Here her ability to remember nonsense would help her to learn primitive languages quickly. Her childhood, with its many moves and changes, had taught her to accept unfamiliar situations and manners of living. This was a primary requirement for the **ethnologist**—the anthropologists who study varied cultures in far-off primitive places.

Margaret's childhood had helped to make her feel at home with all kinds of people. She had learned never to make judgments on the basis of race or differences of manners or religion. It was also important to her that as an anthropologist she could contribute to the world as a woman. In anthropology women were badly needed, for in primitive cultures no man would ever be allowed into the confidence of the women in the group. Only a woman would be able to talk to other women, to learn the intimate details of their lives, their customs, their habits. Also, as an anthropologist she would be able to try to satisfy her limitless curiosity about human beings and try to answer the

big questions: Why do people do what they do? Who are we—all of us?

Her enthusiasm grew. Each class with Professor Boas was an experience. He prepared each lecture as if he was to give it before a hundred of his professional associates. Students often took the same course with him several times, because it was always different. The second half of her last year at Barnard, Margaret began attending all the available anthropology courses. They were almost all taught by Professor Boas, and covered absolutely everything concerning anthropology.

Students studied human growth, language, art, and religion. Above all, Professor Boas made his student conscious of a huge area in which each small study that they made would help to fill in the unknown, help to build a structure. In his classroom Margaret and the others often felt as if many dark corners were being flooded with light, and many bits of human knowledge were being drawn together to form a new meaning. Although he was every inch a scientist, and a great one, Professor Boas never ceased to be a human being concerned with other human beings. No facts were mere theory to him. They were all real and alive, and for this reason his words were strong and living.

At this time Margaret made one of the important friendships of her life. She met Ruth Benedict, who was then assisting Professor Boas and studying with him at the same time. She was already in her late 30's, 15 years older than Margaret. Her own search for something meaningful to do had also ended in the classroom of Dr. Boas. Recognizing her extraordinary mind and deep interest in anthropology, Dr. Boas managed to have

graduate credit given for her past work so that she could quickly obtain her doctoral degree.

When Margaret first met Ruth Benedict, she was, as an assistant to Professor Boas, conducting Margaret's class to the American Museum of Natural History to show them materials on the course. Margaret became curious about Mrs. Benedict and determined to become acquainted with her. Most of the class did not like her, because she did not make friends easily—and always wore the same dress! But Margaret found that Ruth Benedict's delight in the details of the human aspects of what they learned in class gave life to the clearness and order of Professor Boas's scientific presentation of man's development through the ages.

Strong bonds formed between Margaret and this creative woman who was to become one of the best known anthropologists of the century. To Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead was many things—sister, child, friend, professional associate. Ruth found in Margaret's company the joy of youth. Ruth Benedict, who had herself just found Professor Boas, was able to reveal to Margaret many things which she had learned. Among them were the need to learn everything he had to teach, and to rescue the beautiful complex patterns of living that people had fashioned for themselves and that were being lost all around the world.

Knowledge of many primitive cultures was disappearing rapidly because there were not enough trained anthropologists to record their customs of life before the spread of Western civilization was to equalize the vast differences in their cultures. This situation increased Margaret Mead's eagerness to become an anthropologist. Because these

simpler societies were different enough to startle and inform the anthropologist, they were able to reveal much about our own complex societies by contrast. It opened the possibility of learning which qualities exist naturally in the whole human race and which qualities people have learned from their different patterns of life.

But time was limited. Each primitive society was being touched by "progress." The lives of the people were being changed by commerce. They were losing their own religions. European diseases to which they had little resistance were being brought to them. Their traditional foods were being replaced by the introduction of canned Western foods. The anthropologist was losing his only ground for study, because, unlike many other scientists, the anthropologist cannot study his cases in one closed room. He must study people as functioning societies in their home country. The anthropologist is dependent on these few, fast-disappearing, simple cultures, if he wants to observe how man lived under more primitive conditions. This need for haste was never forgotten in the Columbia University Department of Anthropology. When Margaret received her degree from Barnard College in 1923, she was certain of what she wanted to do, and she looked around for means to earn a living.

She found the atmosphere in the Anthropology Department at Columbia University an exciting one, because in the early 1920's, the young science had only begun to try its wings. As a man who flies into space goes into the physical unknown, anthropologists were mapping human unknowns, often taking risks as great as any flier. The pioneers in anthropology were developing new theo-

ries and methods to understand how different cultures came into existence, how they changed, and how they affected the people who lived in them. This is why the emphasis in ethnology was continually changing.

Before the 1920's most anthropologists had been concerned almost completely with describing the details of simple societies: their ceremonies, work habits, dress, arts, language, tools, and so on. When Margaret entered the field, many anthropologists were studying culture change, the manner, for example, by which a particular style of making baskets developed among a people, or how a design on a blanket grew to be what it was. Some anthropologists were interested in how a tribe or group acquired some cultural characteristic, perhaps a special dance or a manner of catching fish, through contact with another society. Others were beginning to show how patterns of culture could be distinguished within any given society.

But these studies were not, of course, confined to the offices and classrooms of the anthropology department. Living among people is the heart of an anthropologist's work.

Sending a student into the area of study for the first time is always a major problem for a teacher. Professor Boas gave great thought to the problem a student was to work on, and the location where he or she could work best. By 1924 he was concerned with many new problems to be studied; he was interested for the first time in the role of the individual in a culture. In 1924 he sent a fellow student of Margaret's on a trip to the tribe of Zuñi Indians in the southwest of the United States to study the creative imagination and the place of the

individual in art. Margaret Mead was very eager to start a project of her own, and she sometimes woke at night fearing that the last man on some far-off island might be dying that very morning, taking with him the last sign of his culture. In 1925 Professor Boas suggested that she should go to study the adolescents among a primitive people. But she was to do the study with a very particular question in mind and for a very definite reason.

The question arose from a problem and a dispute in the United States. Parents, teachers, sociologists, and scientists who studied the working of the human mind had become increasingly concerned about the difficulties of the American adolescent. Many of these scientists described adolescence as the period in which idealism grew strong and young people turned against authority. They concluded that adolescence was a period during which difficulties and conflicts would always arise. Most of the anthropologists, however, had worked with primitive peoples. They knew the importance of the social surroundings in which an individual is born and grows up in the forming of his personality and his life. Thus the anthropologists were not at all sure that adolescent troubles were unavoidable. Professor Boas questioned whether any attitude or habit, such as quickly changing moods and tempers in adolescents, could be due just to being human. Almost everything discovered by anthropologists had proved that human beings were almost everywhere shaped by society.

Many years later, in *People and Places*, a book that Margaret wrote for children, she explained this idea in the following way: that any child could be reared from birth, or from a very early age, to

think and believe and act in many different manners, depending upon how and what he or she was taught. A Chinese baby reared in the United States would still look Chinese when he was grown, but his way of thinking and acting would be American. And an Eskimo baby who lived in France would become an adult who spoke French and would have little interest in the customs of the Eskimo. As for "just human nature," which so many people all around the world spoke of as if it really existed, there was no such thing. Because, while in some societies it was "human nature" to fight and be warlike, in others it was "human nature" to be peaceful and calm and loving. Now Boas wanted to know whether it was possible that it could be "human nature" for all young adults between the ages of 13 and 18 to be stormy and difficult.

The question had been raised. Were the so-called "unavoidable" problems of adolescence due to being adolescent, or to being adolescent in America? If one society existed where the pain associated with adolescence in America did not occur, the question would be answered. Professor Boas hoped that Margaret would choose to make her observations of some group in or near the United States. She was very young, only 23, she was thin, and her health was not perfect. But Margaret, whose doctoral paper had been written about the relative steadiness of different elements of culture in Polynesia, wanted very much to go to Polynesia. If it were to be Polynesia, Professor Boas insisted that it must not be an island too far away. Thus Samoa was chosen.

Samoa was, in fact, an ideal place to try to answer the question about adolescents. Although Samoa had been controlled by the United States

since 1899, it had, by some happy chance, remained as close to a natural paradise as any place on the earth. Its people were fundamentally unspoiled.

In the case of Samoa, contact with European civilization had not destroyed true Samoan culture, but had made life a little more comfortable and in some ways less savage than it had been in earlier times. Such practices as killing and eating human beings, tribal warfare, blood revenge, and the life-and-death power of heads of households were now forbidden. Knowledge of medicine had helped to reduce the enormous loss of life. Missionaries had introduced the idea of the mercy of God, and they had allowed the people to keep their own simple ways. The American naval government rarely took part in native problems. The schools taught little more than reading and writing, fundamentals of health education, and a few sports. The English language was not required, and few natives spoke it. European products, such as scissors, dishes, drinking glasses, and knives were sometimes used; but Samoans still used sharpened poles to dig their gardens, and fished from the sea with nets and hooks made by Samoan men. The women still made their own **mats** and floor coverings. The native arts had not been lost. For these reasons Samoa remained an ideal place for Margaret Mead to make her new kind of research.

In a letter, Professor Boas told Margaret of his interest in learning how young girls react to the rules of their family and tribal customs. He wondered if girls in other societies rebelled as American girls do. He wanted to know if they seemed to want to be alone, or to force themselves to take part in social affairs to forget their troubles. He

advised her to pay special attention to individuals and patterns.

In spite of all the ideas sent to Margaret in letters, she left for Samoa with ideas of her own.

In August of 1925, Margaret Mead had finally started on her first study trip.

5

Makelita Goes to School

"May you most honorable enter," said Chief Ufuti.

"I have humbly come saving the presence of your lordship and she who sits in the back of the house," answered Margaret.

"Too bad for the coming of your ladyship," said Chief Ufuti, "there is nothing good in the house."

"Oh, let the matter rest," replied Margaret correctly. "It is of no importance."

His voice was soft and kind. His eyes were wise and gentle. His face was delicate and noble. His wife, Sava, was rounded and her face was kind and good-humored. There was also the chief's daughter, Fa'amotu, his two sons, a small girl named Tulip, and a baby boy.

The first evening Margaret spent in a Samoan village there was a ceremony. She was told that she was not, like other visitors, to stay in the guest house but that she would share a bed with Fa'amotu. Preparing the bed was a duty of great importance. Sava, Fa'amotu, and several other Samoan girls helped. The floor, like that of most Samoan houses, was made of small gray pieces of shell. It was covered carefully with heavy, coarse mats, brought by the women from the place where they had been stored during the day. It takes a

Samoan woman a full month of steady work to make each mat. Now Margaret watched the women pile one mat upon another. As they did this, they told the story of each mat and where it came from. Soon the bed was several inches higher than the ground. Then a snow-white net was hung from the ceiling straight to the floor, where it was weighted around the edge with stones. This net was to keep out insects. Next, two hard white pillows were placed at the head of the bed, and then a spotlessly clean white sheet was spread over it.

That night Margaret found that a mat bed was cool and comfortable if you lay on your back. The net kept her safe not only from flies and other insects, but also from the dogs and little pigs and chickens that sometimes wandered into the house. She also noticed, with a small shock, that her bedroom had only one white curtain to divide her from the rest of the family. The other three sides were open to the eyes of the village. She learned that the Samoans do not feel it is necessary to erect walls between people. They simply look away from each other at times. They knew white people had peculiar ideas, and that was why they had hung up the white curtain.

Waking that first morning in the village was an experience that Margaret was never to forget. At the edge of the sea could be heard the waves lapping against the dark rocky coast. Great fountains of white spray could just be seen through the pale light. When they waked, the Samoans wrapped themselves in sheets and went to the beach to bathe. From the little houses where the food was cooked, smoke rose lazily, disappearing among the leaves of the trees, which were catching

the first rays of the morning sun. Sounds of people greeting one another were heard from the village. And Fa'amotu sat up in bed and whispered, "Makelita," which was the Samoan way of saying Margaret's name, "it is morning."

Living with Chief Ufuti and his family, Margaret was not only able to practice the language every day, but she soon began to accustom herself to totally new habits. She learned to sit cross-legged on the ground, never to speak when standing, and to eat with her fingers. Chief Ufuti realized that Makelita, who soon became accustomed to the sound of the name, was not like the other foreigners who came only to look and then leave. She really planned to spend many months in Samoa, and was sincerely eager to learn all she could about Samoan customs and manners. He asked the "talking" chief, Lolo, to become her teacher in this very important part of Samoan life. Margaret knew very well that without understanding and observing the highly developed rules of Samoan manners, she would never be fully accepted by all the various levels of Samoan society. She worked at this new study with energy.

The "kava" was perhaps the most important of all Samoan ceremonies. The talking chief, Lolo, a merry man who laughed at her mistakes, could also be stern unless she corrected them at once. He began to teach Makelita how to pass the cup without a handle that held the sharp, bitter-tasting drink called kava. Samoans drink this at every major event. Makelita learned to place her left hand, palm out, against her lower back, and raise her right hand, in which the cup of liquid was carefully held above her head. Then she brought it slowly to the ground as if she were serving it to

a chief. To a talking chief, she could make a different and simpler gesture.

After Makelita had performed these gestures several times, Lolo announced that she would serve the kava to the chiefs that same afternoon. Margaret was frightened, for she knew that if an insect were to fall into the great carved bowl in which the kava was made, the Samoans believed that something terrible would happen in the village. More frightening, she knew that each chief had his own kava cup, and that each kava cup had its own fancy name. How, she wondered, when the talking chief called out the name of the cup, would she know which chief the cup was to go to. But Lolo saved her. When a chief's cup was called, he hit his hands gently together and nodded in the right direction to indicate which one she was to serve. Happily, the ceremony was observed smoothly.

She learned to dance, too, because in Samoa everyone dances, from chiefs to the smallest children. A *taupo*, a Samoan princess, must learn to dance in a calm, beautiful manner. Because Makelita was being taught the manners of the royal Samoan, she too learned to dance in this royal way. Makelita never forgot that each newly acquired skill of understanding or capacity for living in the Samoan way was to help Margaret Mead as an anthropologist do the job which she had come to do. Only when she felt fully part of this gentle South Sea island culture would she be able to see the real social foundation on which it is based. She was grateful that in this, her first experience as a working ethnologist, she was among these people with their dignity and friendliness. She felt more and more really at home, and

the strange adventure of leaving her own manner of life and adopting a new one was not quite as strange as it might have been.

There remained more for Margaret to learn of Samoan ceremony. Then, one day, Lolo felt that Makelita was ready for her final examination. He invited all of the most important men of the village to come and hear his student speak. They came. They sat about very seriously, cross-legged, each one leaning against a different post. They began to ask Makelita questions to test her skill. It was difficult—more so than the doctoral examination she had taken at Columbia University. In Samoa she had to sit cross-legged with a perfectly straight back and arms folded, no matter how many insects bothered her. She must not move a finger to brush them away. She had to use the proper words, which differed for a chief or a talking chief.

At the end came the worst question of all. A very old chief leaned forward and asked her why she had decided to spend only two weeks in their village and planned to go to the distant island of Manu'a and spend six months? Margaret answered with all the care and imagination she could summon. She said that she had planned to go to Manu'a when she had not yet seen the beauty of their village. There was a great sigh of relief in the open room, and one man said in a low voice to the others, "The proper answer." Makelita was saved.

But graduation from "Professor" Lolo and the house of Chief Ufuti meant it was time to leave her "family." They had truly become to her a family, to whom she could come and say, "I'm poor, I'm sick," and they would take care of her. They were her people. She put her bags—the metal box for cash, the photographs, the book of poems, her

clothing, and of course the little pillow, on a Navy ship, and sailed for the island of Tau, a journey of only a few hours.

Tau was guarded by a great reef that made it dangerous for any ship to approach the island. The reef was an ever-present reality of life on Tau. Because of the reef it was never certain whether mail would arrive, or food from Pago Pago, or whether a group of returning chiefs would set foot on the beach in dry clothes or struggle through the waves pushing their canoe before them. To get there, a vessel found the small opening in the reef and then rode over the waves at just the right moment. Otherwise, the boat was certain to overturn. At just the instant the Navy boat that Margaret was on passed through the reef, another boat, less fortunate, overturned, spilling dozens of Samoan school children into the water. It was a frightening moment until Margaret saw that the children were all marvelously trained in reef-swimming, and there would be no tragedies.

It had been arranged by the Naval authorities in Pago Pago for Margaret to stay on Tau with Mr. Edward R. Holt, a medical officer on the island, and his wife and their two small children. The Holt house was European in construction. It had several rooms, a radio room, the babies' room, and two porches, a front porch and a back porch. Margaret slept on the back porch, which was closed in by one wall and one openwork screen. The rest of the room was exposed to public view and in this respect truly Samoan. Villagers, especially the girls who were Margaret's companions, and the subjects for her study, often came by to peer at Makelita to see if she was still asleep.

Although Margaret might have preferred in some ways to live in a Samoan house and with a Samoan family, it was good to sit on a chair and type at a table instead of on the floor, and it was good to have a light for her typing. Occasionally she was glad for the extra comforts and conveniences, though these were of little importance to her. Often she was grateful for the chance to speak English, and the Holts' home furnished her with a useful place from which she could study the individuals in the village and yet remain apart from native quarrels and customs.

Nevertheless, there were times when she felt protected too much—particularly when the minister on Samoa sent a girl to be her constant companion; and again, when she felt herself caught between the differences of two sets of social systems, the Samoan and the American Navy's. She had to worry about not offending either. The Samoans felt she was an important guest. When she went visiting she was treated as a *taupo*, a Samoan princess. They did not, however, understand her desire to spend most of her time with the children. But it was only from the children that Margaret could get the information for which she had come. She decided that by playing the role of a school teacher, she could avoid the local confusion, satisfy the minister, the Samoan chiefs, the Navy officials, and the adolescent girls she had come to study, without offending anyone.

On January 1, New Year's Day, only a month after Margaret's arrival on Tau, a severe storm struck the island and destroyed almost all of the village. Instead of being afraid, Margaret was curious to see how the Samoan men protected themselves, their families, and their homes from

the big winds. Mr. Holt and the other men considered Margaret at that moment not as a scientist, but as another American woman to be protected. She found herself placed inside a big empty tank that stood behind the house. She was pulled up on a ladder and lifted over the tank's eight-foot wall. Then she stood on a high box inside the tank and they handed her the Holt's little boy and then the baby. Then they left her alone, listening to the raging winds and the waves. It seemed hours before the others climbed in. Had the winds changed at the peak of the storm, a tidal wave might have poured over the entire island, and the tank could have protected them.

When the storm was ended, the villagers began to rebuild their ruined homes. Margaret was quickly becoming accepted as almost a Samoan girl because she made every effort to learn to do many of the tasks Samoan girls were expected to do: gather bananas, roots, fruit; select leaves to use for cooking; skin the bananas; pound the kava root and make the bitter kava liquid. She watched how the Samoan girls made cloth from tree bark, and how they made designs. In the house a Samoan girl's principal task was to learn to make carrying baskets from branches, or the curtains that hang between the house posts, by laying one half of a leaf upon another and twisting them together. There was also the fashioning of the floor mats, which is much more difficult, from the pandanus, a special leaf. Such mats take a year or two years to make, and Makelita did not have that much time.

In Samoa the pattern of life was simple and clear. As girls and boys reached adolescence they were not forced to make any major or painful

choices or decisions that might separate them from family or group relations. In Samoa there was one fundamental group of beliefs and manners of behavior, and everyone followed these. Because in Samoa, a child may have many adults acting as father or mother, no girl or boy felt trapped or dependent upon any one person for affection or approval. Margaret saw also how the Samoan children were not only allowed but expected to see everything that happened around them. Before they were very old they were no strangers to death, birth, funerals, childbearing. Because displays of affection between girls and boys and love-making usually happened with no secrecy, children were familiar with those natural practices too. It seemed to Margaret that this honest attitude toward life protected the Samoan children in a real way from later feelings of shock, horror, and fear that so often disturbed American children.

From the Samoan attitude regarding work for their children Margaret observed how even little children learned responsibility and to be a part of the adult world in a natural, simple way. Girls of four or five years were expected to take care of their smaller brothers and sisters, to help make their older sisters and their mothers free to do the difficult work. And, unlike children in the United States and much of Europe, Samoan children did not learn to do adult things by playing with toys. Once Margaret had tried to interest some Samoan children in playing with white clay pipes for blowing bubbles with soapy water. But after admiring the unusual size and beauty of the soap bubbles for a short time the little girls asked her if they could take their pipes home to their

mothers. Pipes to them were meant to be smoked, and not for toys. They were not interested in the dolls she gave them, and they had none of their own. They never built toy houses, or played at managing a house, or sailed small boats. Little boys would climb into a real canoe and practice guiding it within the safety of the bay. In this way, the play of Samoan children had a dignity that the play of American children lacked.

Each day the things Margaret noticed around her helped to answer the questions she had in her mind. Night after night she thought about the differences she discovered between the two cultures—her own and that of Samoa. Sometimes it was difficult to think clearly because of the constant pounding of the waves on the reef, the great heat, the insects, the noise of the birds outside, the Holts' ever-present cat. Never being alone at times was a bother. On occasion she was lonely for someone to talk to about the things that interested her outside of her work. Boat day, once every six weeks, helped. The ship that came from Pago Pago brought fresh meat, which was cooked immediately because there was no ice. The boat brought film to be used immediately and sent back on the same ship. Otherwise, the film would be destroyed by the heat and dampness. The ship also brought mail.

When she had spent almost nine months on the islands of Samoa, Margaret felt that the work she had come to do was nearly finished. She had received an exciting message from the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, confirming her appointment as assistant **curator** of ethnology, a most important position for a

woman of Margaret Mead's youth. She was 24 years old.

It was time to return. She packed her notes, all kinds of Samoan objects she had collected, photographs, memories, and ideas, and sailed for home.

6

Margaret Mead
Writes a Book

The American Museum of Natural History, in New York, today is a long stone building extending for several city blocks and facing Central Park on Manhattan Island's West Side. In 1924, Margaret Mead returned from Samoa and started work there as assistant curator of ethnology. She had been made responsible for all the exhibits and materials that were about Oceania, of which, of course, the Samoan islands were a part. The curator of anthropology had offered Margaret a job even before she went to Samoa, because she had already proved herself to be a capable and responsible anthropologist. He also felt that she might have the talent for colorful writing and the understanding of what the average person liked that would make her exactly the right person to explain the new science of anthropology to the American public.

For these reasons, shortly after her return, Margaret Mead began every day to walk through the entrance to the huge building. A very special office, hidden away in a tower, had been given to Margaret because there was no other working space available on the main floor, and because she was the youngest member of the department. Margaret was delighted with her office. She had always

chosen the room at the top of every house she had lived in. When she first walked into the big square room, there was no furniture except a big old-fashioned desk, a big table, a bookcase, and a few low, empty metal cupboards. There was enough room for Margaret to put a Samoan tapa, or cloth made from bark, and a map of the world on the wall, to lay Samoan mats on the floor, and to make curtains for the windows from cloth in tapa patterns made by the Samoans.

Margaret Mead plunged with enthusiasm into the enormous amount of work that lay ahead of her. In 1926 she began to write her first book, the one that was to tell of what she had learned in Samoa about the problems of adolescence. With the help of notebooks, photographs, undimmed memories, and many ideas, she began to work. She wanted to describe the life of the Samoan girl—how she grew up, what she was taught to think, how she learned to behave, the tasks she was expected to do, her relations with boys. Margaret also was to make scientific observations about how the Samoan girl's way of life differed from that of the American girl. She hoped, too, to give the reader an understanding of what Samoa was really like.

The book was published in 1928. Before many months had passed, it received attention from the critics. Book reviewers, some of them known all around the world, were almost all delighted and impressed. There were a few unfavorable statements, but they were not without humor.

Before long, Margaret's book became a best seller in many parts of the country and was discussed and argued about. Parents, teachers, ministers, sociologists, anthropologists—all were

greatly interested in many of the contrasts between the life and education of the Samoan girl and the life and education of the American adolescent. Margaret Mead wrote that growing up in Samoa was easier than it was in the United States because of the naturalness of the whole Samoan society. She said that Samoa is a place where material success is not very important. No one suffers there for his beliefs, or fights to the death for special advantages. She thought, however, that in the United States young people were forced to make too many difficult choices—choices of a job, of a future, of a husband or wife, of political opinions.

She also wrote that young people are forced to make these choices too soon and without having been taught to be able to make free choices. American parents, she felt, too often force their own ideas on their children by using the authority of money. As a result, as soon as a boy or girl has an income of his or her own, parental authority usually declines. Most destruction of a young person's personality is caused by emotional pressure which makes young women and men feel that if they choose to live by values that are not those of their parents, they will lose their parents' love and approval. No Samoan parent, Margaret observed, would ever think of saying, "Be good to please Mother."

Margaret Mead was searching for methods of training the young that would enable them to keep the individuality created by Western civilization and at the same time reduce the conflicts of choice that were causing so much pain to young Americans. In the last chapter of her book, called "Education for Choice," she bravely ventured to offer some

solutions or at least part-solutions, based on what she had learned in Samoa.

She wrote that Americans should put more emphasis on training their children for the choices they must make. She thought that education, in the home even more than at school, instead of teaching established ideas, must be a preparation for life. To choose wisely, a child must be healthy in mind and body. The child of the future must think for himself. The children must be taught how to think, not what to think.

She ended her book with a question put frankly to the American people: "Samoa knows only one manner of life, and teaches it to her children. Will we, who have the knowledge of many manners of living, leave our children free to choose among them?"

Dogs' Teeth, Ghosts,
Selfish Children
in New Guinea

The autumn of 1928 began a new chapter in Margaret Mead's life as an anthropologist. She was to live with the Manus, a tribe of about 2,000 dark-skinned people who lived off the coast of Manus. Manus is the largest of the Admiralty Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. This was to be a new experience for Margaret. This time she would work with her husband, Reo Fortune, also an anthropologist. She would now have someone to share the adventures and physical difficulties and to keep her from being lonely. Also, a husband and wife working together could do the work much more completely. As in almost all primitive tribes, the Manus men and women have very different roles, functions, and secrets. A woman anthropologist can look at only one side of the total picture. For this reason, Margaret Mead had limited her study in Samoa to adolescent girls. But a man and woman working together can construct the picture of an entire society, because they are able to work with both sexes.

Dr. Mead had her own special area of study in mind when they left for Manus. She was still concerned, as she had been in Samoa, with the way in which the human child becomes an adult. It was to be the Manus children to whom she would

give most of her attention. In particular, she wanted to see whether animism (the belief that non-living things, such as stones, possess the qualities of people) was present among the children of such primitive groups as the Manus.

When she left for this trip she had little idea of what she might find among the Manus, far less than she had when she sailed for Samoa. The peoples of Manus had been less closely observed. She knew that the Manus lived very much as they had done for centuries. She knew also that no missionaries had come to disturb the Manus' own complicated system of worshipping family members of past generations. She knew that they lived without land, on large rocks and a few man-made islands. They had no forests or gardens or fresh water, and no wood to build their houses with. However, the Manus were not, as one might imagine, the poorest people in the Admiralty Islands. The Manus were, in fact, the richest. Being expert fishermen and having constructed a fine fleet of canoes, they had become the most powerful trading people in the southern part of the island group.

The inhabitants of the main island of the group, known as the Usiai, depended on the fish and sea animals that the Manus supplied for them. In exchange for these, the Usiai traded roots that could be eaten, tree bark to use for thread and rope making, nuts, pepper leaves, bags, leaves for mats, gum for repairing their canoes, dishes, and containers for oil. Most important, they exchanged for the fish the wood that made it possible for the Manus to build their big, high-roofed houses and construct the handsome, often large sail-topped canoes for which they were known everywhere in

the islands. It was also known that most of the young men of Manus went away to work for two or three years on the large farms of the white men.

In Lorengau, the government station, Margaret had her first encounter with Manus servant-boys and the strange "pidgin," the language the Manus natives spoke. Pidgin was a useful and variable language with an accent of its own. She found it wonderful. The words came from many languages. About 60 per cent were English. Five per cent had been introduced by the missionaries. A few were German, the rest gathered from varied native languages.

It was soon time to leave Lorengau and start for the village of Peri, a large village that seemed suitable for the study which was to be made. For many reasons, the visit would be different from Margaret's in Samoa. The people of Manus were not as friendly as the Samoans, with their dignity and grace. The physical life was much more difficult, because the Manus lived on, and nearly *in*, the sea. Their babies had to learn almost from birth how *not* to fall through the wide openings in the floors on which they played, into the waters below. The Manus attitudes were not the easy and generally friendly ones of Samoa. The Manus people were often unpleasant, fearful, suspicious, angry. This was due in part to their feeling that the spirits of the dead had great and magical powers over the living. All of this meant that a stay with the Manus could be a difficult experience for an anthropologist who did not show understanding and patience with the native customs.

But Margaret Mead and her husband felt ready for the challenge and prepared themselves for the

long sea trip to the new village they had chosen for their study.

The supplies they had gathered together to take with them were far fewer than one might imagine for such a project. Among them were two tables, two chairs, a typewriter, a camera, a gun, and rice and tobacco for gifts. Most important for Margaret's plans, they had beads, toys, paper flowers, and a thousand sheets of paper for children to draw on. This paper proved to be insufficient, because it lasted only a month. They took no more than these things, because the good ethnologist knows how important it is to slip as quietly as possible into the everyday life of the natives. Thus the arrival and presence of an inquiring white person becomes less noticed.

Gizikuk was the so-called top man of the South Coast Manus. He was the one man who could order the ten independent little communities to supply needed canoes for the government. He arrived to talk with Margaret and her husband and was presented with a gift of tobacco. He said that the expedition would require nine canoes. By Dr. Mead's estimate, this was twice as many as needed, but she knew that at this point of encounter with a new people, it was wisest not to argue.

It was not until midnight that they arrived at the village of Peri. The fleet of canoes sailed into the village, gliding along the bay between the rows of houses built on posts above the water, until they arrived at the doors of the "House Kiap," the government house, where they were to live for a while. Margaret wrote happily to Professor Boas that it was difficult to imagine more favorable working conditions. The climate was not uncom-

fortable. There were few insects, and the food was good. The natives had not known any white people and missionaries, and thus had not been influenced by other cultures. They were also a generous people. The children were independent little water rats. When they were four years old they could swim long distances with big knives in their teeth.

The tall arched houses of Peri, set on their wooden legs, made Margaret think of long-legged birds, particularly when the tide was low and the muddy bottom was visible. When the tide was high the children played on the porches beneath the houses or sailed their small canoes from one house to another. The only "land" around was the few little man-made islands with small pieces of green to be seen on them. Beyond, in the open waters Margaret watched the men and the older boys fish all during the day. They used traps that allowed the fish to enter but not to get out, making it easy for the Manus fishermen to spear or shoot them with bows and arrows.

Living in the small house that was used for guests while another, larger house was being built for them at the other end of the village, Margaret Mead and her husband did the fundamental work to be done if they were to know and understand the Manus people. They learned more of the language and became familiar with the social organization, the economic customs, the religious beliefs and practices that were the daily existence of the Manus, and the pattern within which their children grew up. The anthropologists became conscious also of those Manus who might be trusted, and those whom it might be dangerous to displease.

Meanwhile, their household grew. They added

two more young boys to serve as cooks and helpers, in addition to their first two. Through these servants the anthropologists let it be known throughout the village that they were eager to learn the language and to see all the important events in the lives of the villagers. The Manus replied to this with enthusiasm. The house was crowded with guests from early morning until late at night.

Margaret Mead began to understand something of the many **taboos** of the Manus, all of which were strongly observed, particularly those concerned with marriage. The burdens of most of these taboos fell upon the women. Manus girls were usually engaged to be married at five or six years of age, even though the marriage ceremony did not take place until years later. A woman must never be seen by her intended husband's older male relatives, nor by the husbands or intended husbands of her younger female relatives. She must therefore spend most of her young life hiding behind divider mats in the big houses, or hiding her face. It took a while before Dr. Mead grew accustomed to seeing one of the Manus women sailing by the house of some taboo relative, her entire body and head lost in a great piece of cloth blown out behind her in the wind.

There were, too, an endless number of taboos upon mentioning the name of anyone related by marriage in a person's presence. This made it necessary, if one wanted to avoid breaking these taboos, to remember the entire social organization of the village, all the past marriages, the present marriages, and any marriage to come. It was also necessary to know the three or four names that belonged to every villager. It was very easy to make a mistake, as Margaret Mead did once when

she coughed in the presence of a woman whose daughter was engaged to a young man named "Cough."

The spirits of Manus, responsible for creating the proper respect among the natives, also managed to make the anthropologists' lives difficult. In February, Margaret was ill and had to stay in bed. Her one little cook, Kilipak, had a fever at the same time. Many other illnesses and several deaths had raised the level of fear higher than usual. In Manus all sickness was thought to be caused by the spirits of the dead. It was therefore no surprise to Margaret to receive a visit from three leaders of the village. The men were very eager to have the white people move into the still unfinished new house which was being built for them in another part of the village. The village leaders came to the anthropologists to tell them that they must move. Sori, the ghost of the old house, had made the people ill, they were told. Margaret tried to delay the move, but it was of no use. In the next few days two more of the children in her house became ill. As a result, they all had to move to the new house, which still had no stairs, cookhouse, or porch.

Soon Margaret Mead found her new house charming. She described the bedroom in a letter. It had lengths of wood fastened against the wall where the beds could be placed flat instead of being folded. There was a big living room, which she decorated with native art. Pairs of round black water pots stood on either side of the two doors. There were also beautiful carved wooden bowls. Frames designed to hold other objects were curtained with mats as were the doors. The only foreign objects were a few books, tables and

chairs, a lamp, and a glass bell which rang in the wind and delighted the natives.

Dr. Mead's house was never empty of children. She kept many things for them to play with, such as colored pencils, scissors, coarse thread and needles for sewing the sails of toy boats, and many other toys. Because children were the principal subject of her studies, the arrangement of having them do some of the household duties was very satisfactory. There was Banyalo, a schoolboy, and the head cook named Manawei (which meant "bird"), who had great dignity. There was also Kilipak, another cook, who was the son of the ruling family and a natural leader. These older boys, who were about 14 years old, attracted other children to the house. Many of the younger children served as helpers. The older ones often gave their less pleasant tasks to the younger ones. Margaret's dinner was often prepared by six small children. One small boy would tend each pot, faithfully blowing on the fire underneath. The little girls plucked the feathers from the wild pigeons and gathered the firewood.

Margaret Mead asked all the children, whether they worked in the house or came to visit, to make drawings. This was an important way of learning about the children's feelings toward their lives, themselves, the people around them, and their home surroundings. The children liked to draw pictures, and the house was always crowded with happy little artists.

It was also possible for Margaret to watch the children at play from behind the shelter of the walls of her house. From there she could see them on the wide porches, on the little island next to her house, or canoeing in the wide bay or through

the "streets," the waterways of the village of Peri. Children of three and four could handle canoes ten times their size with a ten-foot pole. They had tiny canoes of their own, and floated about half under water, falling off every other minute and then happily climbing back again. The village of Peri was a paradise for children. They had only a few duties.

Dr. Mead took part in the ceremonies of the entire village. She rode in the big canoes, went to the feasts, and sat quietly while the native religious leaders spoke with the spirits of the dead. A few times, at the risk of angering the whole village, she and her husband served as doctors when the children were ill. (They used only a few very simple remedies.)

Slowly, Margaret Mead became familiar with the Manus language. She learned to joke in their language. She learned to pretend to be afraid when taboos were not observed, and to meet the news of bad fortune with the question, "Which ghost is responsible?" She had learned to understand, in part, the feelings of the Manus people. Now it had become possible for her to recognize not only the characteristics of the Manus people that made them different from her own people, but also the characteristics that were similar.

The worship of ghosts, the physically demanding, primitive manner of life, the strange costume of the people, their fears and reactions—all these things made the Manus very different from people who lived in the United States. Margaret Mead, however, could see beneath the surface into the real heart of the pattern of the Manus life. There she saw some close similarities. While Samoa had been able to throw light on American culture by

its different approach to life, Manus, it seemed, would be able to teach Americans through the ways in which it was like their own society.

What was most important to a Manus man? The collecting of dogs' teeth, the Manus form of money, not, as in America, to put in the bank, but to hang around his neck or the necks of his children. Dogs' teeth could buy a bride for his sons, purchase food, buy precious articles from other peoples of the islands. What did he consider the most important lessons to teach his children? Aside from the essential physical training of the young child in swimming and canoeing, Manus adults taught their children the value of private property so thoroughly that even the youngest children had respect for other people's belongings.

Marriage among the Manus had many of the same problems that American marriages had. Men and women did not love each other freely. There was an atmosphere of shame between them, caused partly by taboos.

There existed stiff standards of behavior, especially in business. A person who was not honest was sure to be punished by death or illness produced by the Manus spirits.

It was from watching the Manus children, however, that Margaret Mead learned most. She reported a year later in her book, *Growing Up in New Guinea*, that people who believe that all children have natural imagination, and need only to be free to create rewarding and delightful ideas of life for themselves, will not find this to be true in the behavior of Manus children. From the drawings she had gathered together, she came to the conclusion that in order for children to have the power to create, they must have a strong cultural

background of the kind seen in Europe and in the United States.

Dr. Mead also saw how the Manus children, though given no training or education for the sort of adult life they must later live, nevertheless did manage to adopt the adult culture when the time came. It seemed to her that people in the United States overvalued the educational process, believing that a child can be changed and taught anything in school, and undervalued the importance of cultural background.

But the similarity which was most clear to Dr. Mead between the children of Manus and those from the families in America having the higher or middle advantages, was the great lack of responsibility in both groups. Manus children were too free to do as they wished. They were allowed to play all day long with no tasks required of them. They soon became so difficult to control that she saw children who would hit their mothers if anything were refused them. She saw even very young children who, when they were tired, would insist that their mothers, who were more tired than they, carry them on their backs. To their fathers, the leaders of Manus society because of their wealth, the children did not show any real respect.

Margaret believed that this lack of respect for elders, which also existed in American homes, came from the same cause. In the United States, as in Manus, a man was valued not for what he was or for what he could do but chiefly for what he owned and could buy. He was valued for how much money or how many "dogs' teeth" he possessed. She wrote in her book that no true dignity can exist until being becomes more important than having. It seemed to her that Ameri-

cans might learn a very important lesson from Manus, as from Samoa: to make the culture a rich and a true gift to pass on to the children, it is the adults who must create a worthy tradition. Otherwise, Margaret Mead thought, American adults were, like the adults of the Manus, certainly failing their most precious responsibility to their children. Americans must not treat their children in the same manner as the Manus. They should not be allowed to grow up as the rulers of the parents, and then be expected to behave in a manner they have never been taught to see as noble or honorable.

When Margaret Mead finally left Manus, after a visit of many months, she had grown fond of the people of the island. The Manus had grown fond of her, too. They beat the drums which were sounded for the dead and for those who depart from Manus forever. It seemed certain to them that this woman, who had come to them from so very far away, would never return. It seemed equally unlikely to Margaret. She could not know then that there would be in the future a terrible war which would change the face of the world and speed cultural contact between her own complex civilization and far less complex ones like that of the Manus. Nor did she realize that in her role of anthropologist she would find herself, many years later, once again among the Manus.

8

The Many Manners
of Men and Women

Margaret Mead returned from Manus in September, 1929, eager to write of her experience as quickly as possible and start on another expedition. She was haunted by the thought of how much work there was still to do to record the manners of life of the few remaining primitive and untouched societies before another war would come to change and destroy their highly individual patterns. Margaret worked quickly, organizing her notes and writing articles, books, and scientific reports.

In the American Museum of Natural History she had much to do, putting in order the collection of things she had brought back from Manus and directing the preparation of an exhibition of them to be shown in the great South Sea Hall. She must select photographs, have small signs explaining them printed, and direct the construction of a small model Manus village. This was a perfect copy of the tall houses, the elegant big-sailed canoes, and the fishing and cooking equipment used in Peri. During the first winter after her return, she wrote most of her book *Growing Up in New Guinea*.

Some time in the middle of the winter, Dr. Clark Wissler, curator of anthropology of the American

Museum of Natural History, asked Margaret Mead if she would do a study of women in a settlement of American Indians in the United States. This idea did not please her at all, because she was eager to hurry back to the still pure cultures in the Pacific area. But it was the first and only time the museum ever directly asked her to make a special study. Money had been obtained by the museum for this particular purpose. Because Margaret was one of the few woman anthropologists in the United States, and was also employed by the museum, she felt that in all fairness she must go.

She spent the following summer living with an American Indian tribe whose culture was so broken in pattern, and whose way of life had so declined, that she not only altered the names of individuals in the tribe, as she had done in her book about Samoa, but she changed the name of the tribe itself. The book she wrote about them was called *The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe*. She described in this book what happened to members of a society when it was in the last stage of the change brought about by close and continuing contact with white civilization and all its "progress." In a letter to Ruth Benedict, Margaret mentioned some of the problems she encountered that were making her work difficult. She said that she found it a very difficult job, ethnologically. The people could tell her little about their culture as it had been originally, because that manner of life had ended in the days of their fathers.

By the following summer, Margaret felt she was again really ready to leave to do her own work in the Pacific. She had worked steadily since her

return from the Admiralty Islands, writing, studying, lecturing, and teaching. In less than two years she had written two books and many science papers. She had completed the Manus collection in the museum, and she had done the American Indian project. She had done a lot of thinking, too, about the subject of her next project. She had decided that this time she would start her observations of the education of children still further back than she had in the past. She would begin with babies rather than adolescents and young children. She would also choose a central problem on which to base her study, because she believed that this was necessary to make ethnological research have meaning.

The question of sex as a factor in the shaping of character was in the minds of many people. To Margaret Mead it seemed important and sensible to try to find out how different societies judged the basic personalities of their people in terms of sex: what it means in different societies to be a man or to be a woman. She hoped that by carefully watching how the babies were cared for in different simple groups, she would be able to get a clearer idea of how those babies were being shaped to fit the image of what their own society believed it meant to be a boy or to be a girl. In her own society almost everyone had very definite ideas of what was "boyish" and "girlish," but in her past studies Margaret had found that human nature was far more varied than Western society assumed it to be. Once again she suspected that reality might have changed the accepted ideas.

Margaret Mead was ready to leave. Then, in a review of her book, a leading anthropologist accused her of having an incomplete knowledge

of the Manus culture and particularly of the ways in which the kinship system—which is the system of relationships based on marriage and birth—was organized in Manus. This review so angered Margaret that she delayed her trip for three more months to stay in New York City and write a more complete description of a kinship system than anyone had ever written. It was called *Kinship in the Admiralties*.

At the end of August 1931, she sailed with her husband through the Panama Canal to the Sepik Aitape District of northeastern New Guinea, another far-away spot in the South Pacific Ocean. It was an area of mountains, plains, lakes, big and little rivers. There, many highly individual tribes lived, still retaining the heart of their customs, a condition that made them ideal subjects for the work Margaret planned to do.

This region, however, was a more dangerous one than any Dr. Mead had stayed in before. Many of the peoples had until very recently been head-hunters and eaters of human flesh. Though they were now supposed to be under the control of the Australian authorities, they were only lightly watched over. If angered, their actions could not be controlled. As an anthropologist, Margaret Mead had never feared principally for herself. Like most ethnologists who accept the dangers that often accompany work in far-away places, her greatest worry was that the notes and materials she collected might be destroyed. To protect these materials and to make sure that the project would be completed, Dr. Mead always tried to avoid anything that might cause a terrible accident. She was always as careful as possible.

In Samoa, the storm, the ocean, the great reef

were unavoidable perils that she learned to accept. This knowledge helped her later when she lived among the Manus in the tall houses built over the water. Now on this trip she developed special skills to deal with the quickly excited emotions of the New Guinea people. She understood that had she ever forgotten a rule she made, or broken a tribal taboo, or neglected to protect her property and authority, she would have been dead within a few weeks. However, her feeling towards possible trouble during her work among primitive people was that there was no room for unnecessary risk in an expedition, and that trouble results from carelessness.

With her anthropologist husband, without whom she would not have dared to go into so dangerous an area, she started for the unknown regions of northern New Guinea. They made as much careful preparation as they could without knowing what conditions and people they would actually meet. Dr. Mead could not possibly have known, for instance, that the ship they were on would get stuck on a sand bank in the Sepik River with no small boat available to free them. Nor did she guess that all but one white man encountered in the period during which she and her husband lived among the first tribe they studied, the Arapesh, would die a death of violence.

They went first to an Arapesh village named Alitua and stayed there because the villagers who carried the anthropologists' equipment refused to go any farther than that mountain village. Because Alitua had 24 houses in which 87 people could and sometimes did live, it was considered the largest village. Actually, only three families inhabited Alitua regularly. The village was built on such a

steep hill that many of the houses hung over a sharp cliff. Whenever there was a feast, men, women, children, and dogs filled the town and spilled over its edges, sleeping under the water dropping from the roofs of the poorly built houses.

Margaret found the Arapesh a mild group who had developed a society in which, although there was never enough to eat, each man spent most of his time helping his neighbors. Though the mountain people were said by the coastal people to have magical powers, the atmosphere in the hills was so peaceful that, as Margaret reported in her book *Sex and Temperament*, published several years later, the women and children were never afraid to be alone.

The Arapesh men as well as the women were devoted to the adventure of growing and feeding anything—the land, the vegetables, the pigs, the trees, their children. This community feeling was of great interest to Margaret Mead. Here was a difference in the feeling about what it meant to be a man. She learned that in the Arapesh language the word meaning “to bear a child” was applied to men as well as women, because the Arapesh men shared full concern for the birth and rearing of their children. After the baby was born, an Arapesh man might lie down by his wife’s side. It would be said that he too was “in bed having a baby.” Later, he shared his wife’s task of caring for the newborn child, and the baby’s “life-soul” was believed to have come from either father or mother.

How did the Arapesh men develop such a loving and peaceful nature? This, of course, was a natural question for an anthropologist making a study of how sex differences were expressed or not ex-

pressed in different societies. To try to answer it, Margaret Mead carefully watched the way the Arapesh reared their children. She saw that their babies were given a constant warm sense of physical security. They were always held against their mothers' bodies, or in soft little net bags that permitted the children to feel the living bodies against which they rested. Later, when the children were able to walk and to run and therefore stumble and fall, Margaret saw that Arapesh adults were careful to be there to prevent accidents. In this way the little Arapesh learned to trust and to feel that though the world was full of dangers, there would always be someone to help them.

Marriage among the Arapesh meant a strong, warm domestic attachment that grew gradually. Arapesh girls were engaged to be married when they were seven or eight years old to boys about six years older than they were, and went to live in the homes of these future husbands. The youths were said to "grow their own wives," because the men assumed full responsibility for such little wives-to-be. An Arapesh girl went to her marriage without fear or strangeness, accepting her husband's family as her own, and feeling that she could trust and depend on her young husband. The Arapesh preferred the safety of domestic love, sacrificing, according to other standards, the thrills of romance and the excitement of the stranger with whom one falls in love at first sight.

After seven months among the Arapesh, it was time to move on. The new people were very different from that first contented group, who felt that the world is a garden that must be cared for, not

for one's self, but so the plants and the animals and especially the children may grow. Margaret Mead was on her way to the head-hunting Mundugumors, who lived about 40 miles away.

"You are going up the Sepik River," she was warned by Arapesh old people just before she left, "where the people are fierce, where they eat men. You are taking some of our boys with you. Go carefully. Do not be betrayed by your experience among us. We are another kind. They are another kind. So will you find it."

And so, indeed, she found it. The Mundugumor, a tribe of some 1,500 people who lived on the Yuat, a wild river with a very strong current, were fully as fierce as had been promised and offered an almost unbelievable contrast to the quiet Arapesh she had just left.

The Mundugumor tribe lived on both sides of the Yuat River, and both groups spoke the same language. Once, however, they had both lived on the same side of the river. Then the river had changed its course, separating the two groups for so long that they no longer felt themselves to be the same people. Sometimes they even ate each other. Quarrels, violence, fear ruled the Mundugumor. Dr. Mead knew that she must always be watchful. She moved among the people easily, but was careful not to allow too many people to go into the house at one time. There was temporary peace in Mundugumor. The people were afraid that the government would punish the head-hunters by putting them in prison.

It was not difficult for Margaret Mead to see the difference in the manner in which the Mundugumor treated their children. In their attitude toward their children it was easy to see where

the difficult Mundugumor character came from. Most Mundugumor women did not want children and seemed to dislike them from birth. Babies were handled in an unloving, cold manner. They were seldom held in their mothers' arms; they were carried in stiff baskets. They were breast-fed in uncomfortable positions and taught by blows and cruel words. Everything that happened to the Mundugumor baby, Margaret Mead saw, created the feeling of a hateful and dangerous world in which he must be fierce if he wanted to go on living. As might be expected, only the very strongest children did live. They were quickly taught many complicated rules and prohibitions, concerned with a kinship system that separated fathers from sons and made them rivals for the attentions and favors of the Mundugumor women. The Mundugumor women were as warlike in their own fashion as the Mundugumor men. They fought and chose their own mates as often as they were chosen. An atmosphere of violence and anger prevailed between men and women, not ending even after marriage and the birth of children.

In this small world where fierceness reigned, what happened, Margaret Mead wondered, to the man or woman who did not follow the accepted personality of his society? In the case of the Mundugumor, how does the man or woman who would like to hold a baby in his arms, or help his neighbor, or cultivate a garden, exist?

Better than might be expected, she discovered. Beneath the level of violence of Mundugumor society, a number of these peaceful people not only helped to keep some sort of law and order, but by living according to an ideal of nonviolence, kept the society from changing.

The Tchambuli, the third tribe in New Guinea that the anthropologists chose to study, were a small group of only 600 who lived on a lake. The water of this lake was dark, almost black, on the surface. When there was no wind it looked like shiny black paint. On this polished surface were pink and white and deep-blue flowers. When the winds blew, the black surface changed to a cold blue. The small hills around the lake gathered clouds upon their tops, which looked like snow.

For many reasons, the Tchambuli culture was the most interesting of the three. Along the edge of the lake stood the ceremonial houses of the tribe. As Margaret soon learned, ceremony was the heart of the Tchambuli culture. Most of the Tchambuli men were artists and actors, skilled in their dancing, wood carving, and painting. They were mainly concerned with their role upon the stage of their society. On the other hand, the Tchambuli women spent most of their time inside the big houses where they lived with one or more other families, cooking, mending their fishing equipment, making the big baskets that other people in the area came to buy.

Before long, Margaret realized that it was the women who actually ruled among the Tchambuli, and who had the economic power in their society. The women did the fishing, made the baskets, and managed the things of value. The Tchambuli men were dependent upon their women and courted them constantly, because no man knew upon whom a woman's choice would fall or what the women would say or do. The women as a group were the most solid part of the lives of their artistic and uncertain men.

Now Margaret Mead had studied three groups

within 100 miles of each other, each one with unbelievable differences from the others. She had obtained better material for her particular project than she had hoped for. Clearly, she had proved that as far as the qualities of being men or women were concerned, there was no such thing as a set pattern of human nature that made all men everywhere in the world act in one way and women act in another. Certainly the three primitive societies she had studied in New Guinea were a part of the same human race.

There she had found a tribe where fathers were more tender than mothers, and a group where the women were stronger than the men. And theirs too was human nature, even where the qualities of men and women were the opposite of the ideas of other countries.

To the majority of people in other societies who firmly believed that the females were naturally gentle, peaceful, motherly, and loving, and that men were unchangeably warlike and business-minded, the publishing of Margaret Mead's book *Sex and Temperament* came as a shock. It neatly destroyed many long-held ideas of what it meant to be a woman and what it meant to be a man. In light of her discoveries, Margaret Mead suggested that Americans might well take a deeper look at their own traditional approach to courtship, their idea that all women have more motherly feeling than men, that men are naturally braver than women, that women tend to care more about peace than men do. For one thing, she felt that these socially established ideas forced many people to suffer who did not have the so-called ideal characteristics. The boy who perhaps liked to cook or play with dolls, the girl who was interested in

mechanical things, was quickly made to feel that he or she was not acting "like a boy" or "like a girl."

It also seemed to Margaret Mead that any society which insisted that any characteristic—love for children, interest in art, bravery in the face of danger—must belong to one sex or the other would not only hurt the man or woman who did not fit the ideal but would punish every individual born within that society. In nearly every mind a seed of worry is planted, and almost everyone has some small doubt whether he or she possesses a really male or female nature.

The waste of individuality always seemed tragic to Margaret Mead. She believed deeply in the supreme importance of the individual reaching his or her highest possible development. It seemed to her that only in this manner, when each individual was permitted and urged to achieve his or her full growth, would any society be able to equal its own full powers and become as wonderful as she thought human society might some day be. A bright future for the human race, one in which freedom and justice and imagination would replace war, poverty, and fear, was a shining hope which Margaret Mead was never to abandon.

In Haste to Understand

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been President for one year when, Margaret Mead, after two years in New Guinea, returned to the United States. It was 1933. Five trips to far-away lands and constant work had made a normal life impossible and had brought an end to her marriage; she came home alone. The New Deal, President Roosevelt's plan for restoring the country's weakened economy, had just been started in an attempt to solve the problems of decreasing business activity and large-scale unemployment. The feeling in the country was one of change and experiment. Many of the people Dr. Mead knew took part in the government's efforts to return the country to normalcy.

There was great concern about what was happening in Europe. The Nazis had taken power in Germany; Spain was going through great political unrest; the British were giving money to their unemployed workers to help them provide for themselves and their families.

Margaret Mead, though conscious of the unrest, was eager to organize the materials she had recently gathered, putting them into writing as quickly as she could, so that she could return to her research. She still believed that one of our best

hopes for understanding ourselves and other people depended on the gathering of information from groups like those she had just been with in New Guinea.

That same winter, Dr. Mead met Lawrence K. Frank, a man who had already done more to change the human sciences in the United States than any other person. He invited her to share in an unusual experiment he was planning, one that would bring the human and the social sciences together in a more complete and meaningful way than ever before. To do this, Mr. Frank asked ten people who were experts in their own professions to come together at the Hanover Inn, a hotel at Dartmouth College, in the state of New Hampshire. They were to work together for one month and organize their shared knowledge of human development within society.

Members included the author of a famous sociological study of an American city, a husband and wife who had worked on the subject of honesty in children, two people who had worked together on a study of 1,000 marriages, and many other scientists, writers, and teachers. Then there was Lawrence K. Frank himself, who thought that by combining all this special knowledge a new form of education could begin.

Dr. Mead, through her family background, was fully aware of the other social sciences. The active work with the group of other scientists, begun in that summer at the Hanover Inn, marked a new chapter in her professional life. Now she had the opportunity to learn more about her own problems in anthropology through the other sciences, and the other sciences could make use of her findings. The whole experiment was something like an orchestra

that succeeds in playing many beautiful and difficult pieces of music because of the joint efforts of many well-trained musicians, each of whom knows and can play his own instrument with skill.

In the autumn of 1934, Dr. Mead finished her book about the relation between sex and personality, and began a new project that grew out of the friendships of the Hanover meeting. This project involved one section of a big study on the problems of individuals in a society where they work both as partners and as rivals. Students had very little money in those days, and Margaret Mead organized the project so that the students, instead of paying, were paid to come to a meeting and help organize the materials for the study. A book on this subject, concerned with primitive peoples, was the first attempt to relate the kind of character that children develop as they grow up in a particular society to the political and economic forms of that society.

As leader of the study and editor of the book, Dr. Mead had many problems to solve. There was no original material to answer the special questions connecting the study with the particular societies chosen: the Arapesh, the Eskimo, the Manus, the Zuni Indians, the Dakota Indians, the Maori of New Zealand, and others. It was therefore necessary first to do the work in preparation for the study. It was done by a committee of graduate students and experienced workers. They would try to collect existing materials which would reveal individual and group attitudes in each society towards property, achievement, children, and the aged, and on how strong the development of the individual personality was in each culture. Despite the difficulties, the book that resulted from

the project was called by the reviewers a well-balanced study of the nature and processes of group life.

At the end of this study, Margaret Mead's interest turned to another part of the Pacific, towards Bali, a small island off the mainland of Java, in what is now Indonesia. She had become curious about the relationship between culture and the mental disease **schizophrenia**. The Committee for the Study of Dementia Praecox (as schizophrenia was called in those days) had been formed. Its director had asked anthropologists and other scientists how they would approach the study of schizophrenia. There were many reasons to believe that mental and nervous diseases were closely related to cultural background. As the number of cases of schizophrenia continued to rise in the United States, it seemed more and more important to learn what childhood experiences might contribute to this condition. Wasn't it possible that a culture might, in the way it formed the character of its people, cause, at least in part, schizophrenic behavior?

Dr. Mead had seen films of little Balinese girls in trance. Trance was a common occurrence in Bali. More and more she felt it would be important to go to Bali and look deeper into the problem of schizophrenia. She hoped to examine, for the first time, the full value of photography as an aid in anthropological work.

In March of 1936 Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson, an English anthropologist, were married. Mr. Bateson had been reared in an English home where he had been accustomed to seeing his mother assist his father in his science work, not unlike the atmosphere Dr. Mead had known in her childhood

home. Their own work in anthropology was similar and they helped each other.

In Bali, for the first time, Margaret Mead was able to conduct her work without the usual dangers and lack of comfort. The Balinese were colorful but not primitive. Bali was a beautiful place. There were stage plays and religious ceremonies, and dances to attend and to study. There were carvings and paintings to collect.

The food was delicious. Wherever she had worked before, she had always grown thinner. Not in Bali. Working conditions were ideal. It was a wonderful relief to be able to pay people to do things, rather than to have to persuade them. It was a joy for her to have a highly intelligent Balinese secretary (now principal of a big school in Bali), and to be part of a well-trained team. Dr. Mead made notes. Her secretary copied the notes in Balinese. Gregory Bateson made photographic and movie film records.

A mountain village was chosen to be the center for most of the work done in Bali. The elements of early and pure Balinese culture were still to be found there. The people were slow-moving and easy to talk to. Margaret and her husband tried to see all the ways in which the Balinese people reflect their culture—moving, standing, sleeping, dancing, and going into trance.

The color and charm of Balinese life moved Margaret Mead to write some of the most beautiful descriptive passages she ever wrote. But her awareness of the beauty of Bali did not make her forget her purpose: to try to understand what created the unemotional and coolly formal character of the Balinese people. As always she looked for her answers in the children and their mothers.

How were Balinese babies, considered at birth to be sacred and closest to heaven from which they had just come, treated? She, and her husband, with his camera, recorded the many ways in which a typical Balinese mother puzzled and hurt her child by laughing at him, making a pet of him, and exciting him to show love, desire, anger, or jealousy, only to turn away as soon as the child began to show any reaction. Balinese mothers were always giving their attention to someone else's baby in the presence of their own. They were continually threatening to leave their children and telling them that a stranger had come to take them away. After a while, the Balinese child came to feel that the only safety lay in never showing emotion. Fear, Dr. Mead learned, was the emotion that mainly shaped the character of the Balinese. The result was that the child, even after growing up, never wanted to try anything new.

The Tjalonarang, a traditional Balinese performance, was clearly an acting of the parent-child relationship in Bali. It was usually presented before an audience of serious-eyed children and empty-faced adults. The children who watched the stage on which love and grief and human conflict were displayed would never show such emotions themselves again, for they had already turned their feelings inward.

The central figure of the Tjalonarang is a witch. Dr. Mead felt that the witch represented the Balinese mother. The witch is terribly ugly, but, like the Balinese mother, she is not only a fear-inspiring character, as the mother is to her children; she is also herself afraid. As the acting continues, the witch is attacked by the messenger of the king and by strange beasts. They all, how-

ever, fail to destroy her. They turn their knives, powerless against the witch, against their own breasts. This symbolizes the circle of the childhood troubles—the approach to the mother, the turning away, and then the turning in upon the self.

During two years a complete study was made of the relations between people in Bali. There were 22,000 feet of film. Dr. Mead knew that they had succeeded in capturing much of the behavior of the Balinese people. When they returned to the United States it would not be necessary to depend only on memory for the image of the way a baby was held or bathed by its mother, or the expression on a child's face as he watched the Tjalonarang. They had done more than the work they had planned to do; they had such a collection of rich photographic material that another book, *Growth and Culture* by Margaret Mead and Frances Cooke MacGregor, with photographs by Gregory Bateson, was written a few years later.

But the heart of anthropological study is comparing one thing with another, and Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson suddenly realized that they had no other culture with which to compare their work in Bali. Quickly they made the decision to go to the Iatmul tribe in New Guinea, about 600 miles to the east of Java. Because Dr. Mead had previously worked among the Iatmul and could speak their pidgin English, their work would be easier. They made preparations to leave and sailed from Surabaya, Indonesia, to Port Moresby, Papua Territory, Eastern New Guinea. On the trip from Bali to New Guinea they heard of Hitler's taking control of Austria.

Daily life among the Iatmul, a proud, tall group of head-hunters who lived on the Senik River. was

much less comfortable than it had been in Bali. Within the next eight months the anthropologists collected many notes, another 10,000 photographs, and much more moving-picture film. By using film in Iatmul as they had in Bali, they were able to record permanently some powerful cultural contrasts. *Childhood Rivalry in Bali and New Guinea*, a film they made, proved to be extremely valuable material for teaching purposes. Dr. Mead was convinced of the value of such tools as movie cameras, and later, sound recorders.

They were almost ready to return to the United States when the difficult work in Iatmul was over, but they returned to Bali to spend another six weeks rephotographing the babies who had been born while they had been there before, and who were almost a year older. It was March, 1939, before they were ready to sail. They had been away from home for more than three years. On the ship taking them back to the United States, they learned that Hitler had marched into Prague. The future was clear. War!

Two years were to pass before the United States would join Europe in the battle. Gregory Bateson's country, England, was to be at war within a few months. The world was about to change more in a few years than it had in centuries. Borders between countries would be wiped out. Little nations would disappear, swallowed by larger ones, losing their own characteristics. Great numbers of people would be killed. Most important, before peace was to return to the world, a new weapon would be used that would present a tremendous problem never before known to the people of the planet Earth.

Margaret Mead and other anthropologists began

to see how necessary the work they had been doing all these years really was. Not for nothing had Dr. Mead and her fellow anthropologists hurried to the last little corners of the globe, which the war had now made it impossible to go to. Not only progress, but also war, was drawing the human race too close together. The world was truly one, and the study of Balinese culture did have meaning for the mentally ill everywhere. It was no longer necessary for anthropologists to prove the need for modern man and primitive man to understand each other and to see the common human ground they all shared. The major task of anthropologists had been to try to acquire understanding of the complicated human creature known as man. This understanding was about to be called upon.

10

Anthropologists
in World War Two

When Dr. Mead returned to the United States, she was determined to contribute all the understanding and skill she had to the job of winning the war. Gregory Bateson had already gone to England to work on the problems of his country, which was soon to suffer daily bombing by Nazi airplanes flying from Germany. Margaret had planned to go with him, but a very important reason made them both decide it would be best for her to remain in the United States. Dr. Mead learned that she was going to have a baby.

This news, even in Margaret Mead's already exciting life, was happy. She had always wanted to have children—at one time she had hoped to have six—but several doctors had told her that she would always lose a child before it was born. Years later, she began to believe that perhaps she could have a baby, although under the difficult conditions encountered on her trips she had never been able to. New discoveries in medicine made it possible for Dr. Mead to have her baby. A girl, Mary Catherine Bateson was born on December 8, 1939.

Now Dr. Mead, who had held and played with and observed so many children of so many different communities, had one of her own. She enjoyed

her baby very much, and everybody else did, too. Dr. Mead later said that she learned a lot about mothers by being one, but not a lot about children. She found herself comparing all children with her own. Naturally she associated many of the things she had seen and learned about children in other cultures with her own child. Margaret made sure that Cathy was never in a strange place with a strange person. She made it possible for the baby to know and to trust many people of different skin color and appearance. When Cathy was two years old, they shared a house with a large family of children so that she had other children to play with.

Although Margaret Mead found her daughter a delight, the seriousness of the war demanded that Dr. Mead fill many roles as well as that of mother. What could an anthropologist do to help win a war? In the middle of the 20th century, war had become something very different from what it had been in the past. The thinking of scientists now had many uses. The government of the United States realized that the findings of anthropologists and an anthropological judgment of a situation could be very real help to the war effort. Soon Dr. Mead was working for several government organizations. She advised on problems of social change, trying to persuade the American public (and later other peoples) to accept and use new discoveries for healthy diets. She made efforts to preserve democratic life and prepare for an after-the-war world. She and other anthropologists, not always in an official government position, spoke publicly in an effort to make clear one of the most important problems that had been created by the

war, Hitler's deadly lies about the superiority of one race over another, because of which millions of innocent people were being killed.

It was in the study of national character that Dr. Mead and other ethnologists made probably their most important contribution. Many years of contact with primitive groups made it possible for them to apply what they knew of the relationship of character to culture. This was particularly important in the task of understanding the character of the people of the enemy countries, Germany and Japan. These studies helped the United States government wage what was called "psychological" war, through a knowledge of the mental processes of the enemy. This involved the preparation of information designed to gain public support for the United States, trying to know in advance what the enemy feeling would be about news and actions by the United States and other countries fighting against Hitler, and understanding the behavior of enemy prisoners. One very important result of anthropological research was the deciding by United States leaders to accept the recommendations made by anthropologists not to demand the removal of the ruler of defeated Japan. Studies of Japanese character had caused anthropologists to believe that the heart of Japanese society would be destroyed if the ruler were removed or killed.

Better understanding of nations with which America was friendly also proved helpful. When, for instance, American soldiers were in England for long periods of time, differences in behavior, in attitudes, in the manner of saying things, sometimes caused unfriendly feelings between the two nationalities. Americans thought the English too proud. The British thought the Americans boast-

ful. The British expected young men to carry much of the burden of good behavior. The Americans expected the British girls to do so. The British believed in meeting difficult conditions by a stiffening of moral purpose. The Americans believed in changing the conditions. Dr. Mead and other anthropologists tried to explain the two groups to each other. She went to England in 1943 to lecture at the request of the United States Office of War Information and wrote papers on special subjects for the military forces. This was often of very real service.

She performed many other no less important services during the war. She did what she could to have highly trained scientists whom she knew placed in leading positions where their knowledge could be used to the best advantage for the country. Almost everyone that Dr. Mead knew was now taking part in the war effort. Geoffrey Gorer, who had worked in the Office of War Information early in 1942, later worked for British Political Warfare. Ruth Benedict replaced him in the Office of War Information. Professor Boas, who had almost retired in 1937 from all activities, returned to the working world. He devoted himself to all kinds of activities against the Nazis, writing, organizing committees, finding positions for scientists who had been forced to leave Germany. Then, on December 29, 1942, Dr. Boas was giving a lunch for an old friend of his at Columbia University. A glass of wine in his hand, he said, "I have a new theory about race . . ." and he fell back, dead.

Ruth Benedict assumed new responsibilities after Professor Boas died. She was engaged, as were many anthropologists (including Margaret Mead), in searching for the causes of war. The

studies of culture that Dr. Benedict had made with American Indians of the Southwest made it possible for her to look deeply into the problem. In a piece written in 1939 called "A Natural History of War," she said that war was an old human problem which under modern conditions destroys winner and loser alike. She did not agree with the idea that war was a natural human condition.

As the war continued, Margaret Mead's voice grew more and more familiar to Americans. When the United States first entered the war, Britain was being bombed, and no one in America knew whether or not our cities would also be bombed. Dr. Mead wrote from her experiences with primitive tribes where children were not protected from serious trouble or death, that she believed American children, too, could live through scenes of death and terror, should they occur, if their parents and teachers remained brave and calm as had those in Britain.

Margaret Mead felt that the people of the United States, now at war, needed to be made aware of their own national character and of what their special strengths were as a democratic nation. She told Americans that she felt they were essentially a moral people believing in right and wrong. She wrote of many other aspects of American character, and said that she considered it very important that Americans fight and win *as* Americans, because "freedom's battles must be won by freedom's own children."

At the same time she spoke in many places of her concern for the youth of America. She feared that the younger children of freedom, particularly those just younger than 20, were not being made to feel that there was a role for the individual in

the social process of American democratic life. She felt that these young people should be taught that it is worth their while to live for democracy as well as to die for it. She worried that the Fascist approach with its emphasis on individual power and leadership might triumph over a democracy that placed importance on worldly success and material advance. She urged that young people be made newly aware of the real basis for democracy in which man can decide his own future. She told teachers it was not enough merely for them to believe in democracy, but that they must believe in the individual value of the human being.

With the American and British landings on European shores, Nazi victories were halted, and their armies began the slow retreat. Germany and other countries which she had swallowed were bombed. In the Pacific, battles continued to be fought painfully on scattered islands. The struggle with Japan was long. Then finally, shockingly with the dropping of the atom bomb on two Japanese cities, that conflict also was ended, and the war was finished.

After the War:
the Challenge to Change

The war was ended, but Margaret Mead continued much of her work. Some of the projects she had begun during the emergency of wartime were now required to meet the needs of the world after the war. This was particularly true of the study of the national character, begun mainly as a study of enemy countries. It seemed an even more important challenge in a world at peace. Although the control of atomic energy could mean that the human race might free itself from poverty and unnecessary labor, it might also mean the end, or nearly the end, of the human race. The bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in Japan, presented a life-or-death problem. The different peoples and nations of the earth must now find some methods to live in peace on the same planet, or perish. The task of understanding among peoples, for which anthropologists in particular were so well trained, was more important than it had ever been before.

During World War Two, Margaret Mead had persuaded Ruth Benedict to join her in the first efforts to apply anthropology to international understanding. In 1946, Ruth Benedict returned from her job in the nation's capital, Washington, to Columbia University. She introduced a study of

European cultures and began a battle to have accepted the new methods necessary to study culture scientifically. Many of these new methods had already been tried during wartime studies of countries to which travel had not been possible during the war. Now, other countries were impossible to study. In the case of the Soviet Union, and later Communist China, travel and research were impossible. In some cases, societies no longer existed—Jewish villages of Eastern Europe, for example, whose people had been scattered all around the world. Other cultures were being sharply altered by revolutionary changes, as in Indonesia and Thailand.

In 1947, a Columbia University project for research into the cultures of today was started under the directorship of Ruth Benedict. Margaret Mead became research director of the project and, with Geoffrey Gorer, she arranged for the meeting of the Russian group. A total of seven cultures were chosen for the study: pre-Soviet Great Russian, Polish, Czech, Chinese, French, Syrian, and Eastern-European Jewish. The project employed the talent and labor of about 120 people.

In May of 1948, when the project was progressing well, Dr. Benedict was invited to go to a UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) meeting in Czechoslovakia, which would give her an opportunity to visit many of the countries on which she had worked at a distance for years. Although her health had not been good for several years, she wanted very much to go. Her friends said, "Go! If this is what you want to do, do it." This is what she had always said to her students during her teaching years. Two days after she returned from

her trip, she had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. She lived only five days more. She was 61 when she died.

Margaret Mead assumed the directorship of the cultural research project. She was now one of the few senior anthropologists who continued the teaching of Franz Boas. Younger anthropologists and students now looked to her for counseling and training.

The role of teacher was a natural one for Dr. Mead. She had spent the summers of 1945 and 1946 lecturing at several universities in the United States and in Europe. In 1952 she became a guest professor at Columbia University. After spending a year away from the United States, once again among the Manus people, she returned, in 1954, to the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, with which she is still associated.

Dr. Mead's classes were soon famous for being lively. She was known for her ability to bring the most complex anthropological material to life through the endless examples she could recall for her students from her personal experiences. She often acted incidents for her students in the native language of whatever culture she happened to be discussing. Students learned that no matter how busy she was, she was fully concerned with individual problems and needs and freely gave any possible time. She was positive, and she showed that she expected them to do well, that she had faith in their capacities. At the same time, she was known to demand as much of her students as she did of herself, which meant a very great deal indeed. Students were obliged to learn to take her very direct but always constructive criticisms.

She was no less critical with the American

public, which had learned to depend on her sharp observations. She published another book, *Male and Female: A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World*, in 1949. This time she compared what she considered the primary differences between the sexes, the physical background and common sexual experience of men and women everywhere, with the social forms that the two sexes adopted in the seven different Pacific Island cultures she had studied. She urged, as she had before, that men and women in the modern world cease to follow stiff social patterns of male and female behavior and accept the challenge of being their full male and female selves in their own individual manners.

In the summer of 1948, she was asked to help plan a new approach to mental health when the Third International Mental Health Congress met in London. Psychiatrists, who are doctors specializing in the study of mental health and mental illness, had until 1948 been almost alone in treating problems of mental illness. They now realized how many of the mental problems they found in their patients were caused by the surroundings in which they lived. Members of many sciences and professions were invited to join the congress. Anthropologists, who had witnessed nearly perfect mental and physical health in some primitive communities, were specially conscious of the complicated conditions of modern life, which places more and more strain on human beings. In addition to this awareness was the new realization that the world is one, that man is one, and that the mental health of the leaders of the world can be of life-or-death importance to the whole world.

Dr. Mead attended many meetings and conferences on mental health in the following years.

In 1956 she was president of a world-wide organization for mental health. In 1958 she helped to direct a special conference on the family in Asia, and in 1961 another international study group was held in England by a world organization for mental health to examine the problem from an international point of view.

Whenever Dr. Mead addressed groups of teachers, she told them how very important it was for them to be able to change, to continue to grow, to learn from their pupils, and, most important, to make each child in their classes feel his own individuality. She also said in a lecture at Harvard University that she thought the biggest task of the teacher of today is trying to teach "unknown" children. They are "unknown" because they are living in a world that is changing so rapidly that they are strangers in many aspects to their own parents, who grew up in a very different and a less changeable world. What should teachers do? Try in many ways to keep close to the changing world of the young students and help them remain close to themselves so they may be prepared to understand and to live in their changing new world.

The whole question of how quickly human beings can change, and become accustomed to change, seemed to Margaret Mead to be the most pressing problem to try to solve. She had already decided in 1951 that it was again time for cultural anthropologists like herself to return to the faraway places of the world. Some of her anthropologist friends in Australia persuaded her to go back to see what had happened on the island of Manus in the 25 years since she had last been there. She decided that perhaps the people of Manus, whom she had studied as children a quarter of a century

before, might provide a key to understanding other changing cultures and societies. In the time since she had been there, the Manus had been part of the battleground of a world war. From what she had heard, it seemed that the Manus had changed so completely that they had moved in one generation to a complex and civilized life. From people of the Stone Age, they had become members of the modern world. She later described in her book *New Lives for Old*, their new ideas and practices. They were trying to build a democratic community and educate their children. They were interested in caring for the old and the sick, and worked towards friendly relations with neighboring tribes who had long been their enemies.

The second trip to Manus in 1953 reflected great changes in the life of an anthropologist as well. Dr. Mead returned to the islands by airplane, not on a ship, bringing with her all kinds of valuable new equipment. Two young scientists, a student who had done his graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania, and his wife, an art student trained in working with people, went with her to Manus.

The old village of Peri was gone. It had been abandoned forever during the war, and in its place, constructed on land, Margaret Mead found a new village. The new village consisted of rows of American-style houses all of the same design. They were not quite as beautiful or as suitable for standing up in storms as the old arched houses had been. The people of Manus, who had been told that Piyap, "Woman of the West," was coming back to them, were very happy to see her again. So much had happened since she had left. They had never written to her, for almost no one could

write. And now, once again, she who had known them in the days before the "new movement," who could see and appreciate what they had done, and who had cared enough to remember all this time, was to be among them once more. They enjoyed seeing the old photographs of themselves, which she had taken in 1928. One said: "We had forgotten all these things, these houses, these faces, and now you bring the photographs and they all come back. And where were they all these years? In your photographs. We had lost them."

For Dr. Mead the return was also a new and surprising experience. There, grown up and tall and many of them leaders in their villages, were the boys who had worked in her house in 1928. They now called her "Mama" and dressed in carefully pressed white suits. She had not been in Manus long before she was given many questions to answer. What is the best way to manage a school? Is this medicine a good one for the children? And many others. Margaret was surprised that these people, whom she had never thought capable of becoming a part of the modern world, so quickly had come so far in their development.

Margaret Mead settled into the house she had been given in Peri, and which she found perfectly located for observing. It was in the exact center of the village. Her house was open to everyone, always full of people, and she had a porch on which the children played. It was all very much as it had been in 1928. Again she was soon deeply involved in village life. She managed a sort of hospital and trained members of the village to help her. She helped take care of the children. The Manus felt free to come to her at any time of the day or night with a problem. What was different, however, was

that the new Manus were able to help her, too. They had become able to express themselves in words and were concerned with record-keeping. They knew that it was important to her to learn how fast a people could change, and that what they had done had meaning for the rest of the world.

After the 25 years that had passed, Margaret Mead still worked as much as ever, if not more. Awake early every morning, she spent the days collecting her information in notes, photographs, and sound recordings. Late at night when the village grew quiet she would type the day's notes until one or two o'clock in the morning. At the end of six months in Manus she had three fat volumes of notes typed on both sides of each sheet.

The changes made in the life of the Manus were deep, as Margaret Mead learned. They stemmed, she believed, from the fact that the Manus had always been a people depending, as fishermen and sailors, on their contacts with other peoples and other manners of life. The many foreign influences they had known had helped prepare them for the big changes that they made in their lives when the war was ended. When the war came, they were very interested in all the machines and the methods of organization they encountered, particularly those of the Americans. When they were once more free to live their own lives, they made their great cultural change in a short space of time. They constructed an organized society from the parts of the white man's life that they knew and admired. They tried to use all of the white man's institutions—schools, hospitals, law courts.

Yes, what she had found in Manus had great and positive meaning for the United States and for the world. Margaret Mead felt sure that

changing quickly did not necessarily mean ruin or badly damaged personalities. A great deal of what was occurring in the larger part of the world beyond Manus was almost too much for the human race. There was the need to face such problems as the atom bomb, increasing populations, the pressures of the newly developing areas of Africa and Asia. She had seen here one group of human beings who had changed themselves almost completely. They had jumped across thousands of years in only a few and grown stronger because of it. Perhaps, she reasoned, the slow approach to change favored generally by Western countries was not as wise as the fast approach Manus had used. The Manus had changed quickly enough to be able to see and enjoy their own changes. That the Manus had wanted to change, been ready to change, and had changed all together was also meaningful.

If, at a moment when Americans were faced with the possibility of total war, the end of civilization, the end of the human race—when despair was possible—she hoped the Americans might take courage from the story of the Manus. They believed, even if many Americans might have forgotten it, in the America that was built on change and is always new, because the men who built it have themselves the ability to change.

12

Margaret Mead
—Today and Tomorrow

The Mead family tradition now extends from the past into the future. Mary Catherine Bateson is now married, with her own doctor's degree as a Middle Eastern language expert. She is the fourth generation of women in her family to enter the social sciences. She is following her mother's belief that a woman should have a separate professional life, whether or not she is married. Her father and mother were divorced soon after World War Two, but the separation involved no break in Catherine's relationship with both parents.

As Cathy grew up, she was permitted, as her mother had been, to make her own choices. At the age of 15, she went to France, lived with a French family, and learned the language. At 16, she went to Israel with her mother, who was a consultant for the Israeli government. She decided to stay and finish high school in Israel, thus adding Hebrew to the languages she knew. When she returned to the United States, she went to Radcliffe College, in Cambridge, in the state of Massachusetts. In her first year she began to study Arabic and decided to specialize in Middle Eastern languages. Among the languages she has studied is Armenian, the first language of her husband, a social scientist

engineer born in Syria, whom she met while in college.

Another similarity to Margaret Mead's own background is the place in Hancock, in the state of New Hampshire, where Cathy and her husband live. Dr. Mead has always believed every child should have a place in the country that is familiar to him and that will remain throughout his life as a living memory. In her own childhood there had been the five acres in the state of New Jersey, then later the 107-acre farm in the state of Pennsylvania. The New Hampshire lakes and hills had been Cathy's "country" just as the sandy pine forests of New Jersey and the soft hills of Pennsylvania had been her mother's.

Now, when her busy life permits, Margaret Mead will go to New Hampshire to visit at her daughter's home. She will also go to breathe mountain air, to walk in the woods, to rest—but perhaps to work with her young fellow scientists, as her daughter and her daughter's husband may now be called.

An associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, Dr. Mead is preparing a series of small model scenes for the new Peoples of the Pacific Hall. The exhibits will be a completely new idea, because they are designed to allow cameras to take photographs from all sides. Her teaching now includes about 250 lectures a year, 60 of them at Columbia University. She reads and marks all her students' papers herself. She is a visiting lecturer at several colleges, and serves as a consultant, on many kinds of questions, to universities and school systems throughout the United States and abroad. Busi-

nesses, management, governments seek her advice. She travels and lectures for and to all kinds of organizations, especially those concerned with problems of child development, human well-being, and family life. Recently she spoke at a dinner of the Parents Without Partners, an organization of divorced parents, discussing the difficulties facing the modern family. At a Governors' conference in the state of Illinois she spoke about youth; at a Governors' conference in the state of New York she spoke about aging.

She continues to do research on peoples of complex modern societies because she believes that if there is to be understanding, the peoples of the world must know about each other's social systems and cultural patterns. She considers the struggle for peace to be the major task of our time, and for this reason she works with many peace organizations. In 1963 she attended a United Nations conference on the use of modern science to help less developed areas of the world. Looking ahead, she is concerned with trying to understand the problems created by increased free time due to shorter workdays, new situations caused by space travel, and with searching deeper into questions of individuality.

On all these subjects and many others, she writes as she always has. She can write anywhere—on planes, trains, in taxis. She can write small amounts at a time. A listing of some of her writings, beginning with the year 1947, is nearly 30 pages long. She has written 12 books and helped to write 10 others, and has written an uncounted number of shorter pieces. She writes for many magazines, and she is often written about. She is

frequently being interviewed by the newspapers. She is widely quoted on many different questions.

On American fathers: "Fathers are spending too much time taking care of babies. No other civilization ever allowed responsible and important men to spend their time this way."

On crimes committed by children: "It's happening all around the world, under every system. We've failed to organize our cities in such a way that the whole community takes responsibility for its children."

On museums: "I think all museums should be directed towards twelve-year-old boys. They're the brightest group you can find."

How any one human being can do so much and so well is a mystery even to her office helpers. The same corner, hidden away in the southwest tower of the American Museum of Natural History, still serves as her office. Her office is the center of the storm, where the mail comes in, mountains of it, from everywhere. There is no time, really, to answer the letters, but she does answer them all, sooner or later. There are many requests for her to speak or write. There are letters from other scientists about work, from friends, often anthropologists in distant countries, from relatives, from some of the men and women she has known in the formerly primitive societies she studied.

The telephones ring almost constantly in Margaret Mead's office. When she is there and not busy she speaks to many callers herself. Often visitors find their way through the upper halls of the Museum to her office. She sees several students regularly. There is always a group of students

whose work she watches closely as they leave for far places, or as they come back to write about their work. At times, a child who has been told by his teacher to visit a famous scientist comes. She will give as much attention to a school child as she will to any newspaper reporter or to a friend.

It might be easy to think of Margaret Mead as a woman so devoted to her work that she may not seem quite real, or like the people one meets every day. But this, as anyone who is privileged to know her realizes, is far from the truth. No one writing about Margaret Mead can bring her to life as well as she can herself in her own work. There a reader finds how the big world with which she is concerned consists for her of many little details, each one of them real and important to her. She is aware of the way a tiny child flowers, and of how a little bowl or a cup and spoon can give a baby a sense of his own world.

Margaret Mead is a realist, a woman who sees what exists. She despises wasted time, admires correct work, and wants her students not to be lazy, but to hurry, hurry, hurry, for there is much to be done. Her sense of humor is world-famous. So are her tempers. She is a woman of more than 60 in whom one senses the spirit of the little girl she once was. She is a woman, and very much a woman—not because she can cook and loves babies, which she does, but because of the loving, orderly, motherly spirit that is so much a part of her.

Above all, she is free and strong and original. She was reared to be free. She is devoted to the task of helping other people achieve the same freedom, so they may be able to contribute their full talents to the world, as she has done.

Glossary

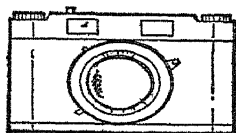
(Meanings given are only in the sense in which a word is used in this book.)

Adolescent: a person in the process of developing from childhood to adulthood.

Anthropologist: an expert in **anthropology**, the science that studies the origin, development, divisions, and customs of mankind.

Biology: the science of living things and the manner in which they live and grow.

Camera: a box-like device containing film on which a picture is formed when light enters the box.



Curator: a person who is responsible for a museum, library, or similar place where valuable objects are collected.

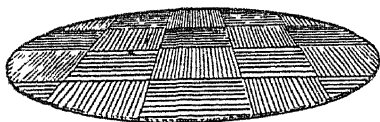
Episcopal: one of the churches of the Christian religion.

Ethnology: the science of cultures. **Ethnologist:** a student or expert in ethnology.

Fascist: of or belonging to Fascism, a system of government in which the country is ruled by one strong man and no one is allowed to oppose him publicly.

Mat: materials such as grasses or cloth twisted or knitted together into a flat piece which is usually used

as a floor covering, a curtain, or a bed.



Missionary: a person sent by a church group to teach the Christian religion and spread education in places where there are no organized schools.

Nazi: of, or characteristic of the Fascist government of Germany while Hitler was its ruler; a person who is a member of the Nazi political party.

Primitive: of the earliest times or in the least developed form.

Reef: a ridge of rock or sand at or near the surface of the water (see ill. at bottom of this p.)

Research: careful study to learn new facts and principles about some subject or science.

Schizophrenia: a mental disease characterized by unreal ideas, the avoiding of other people, and loss of desire to

be active. It frequently occurs in young people.

Sociology: the science of the history, problems, and forms of human civilization and society. **Sociologist:** a student or expert in sociology.

State: one of the 50 parts into which the United States is divided.

Taboo: a ruling that sets apart certain persons or things as sacred and forbids their being touched or talked about

Trance: a condition of insensibility to surroundings in which a person seems to be conscious but is unable to move or act by his own will.

Typewriter: a machine for producing printed letters or figures on paper as a substitute for handwriting. To type: to operate a typewriter.



